The Saturday Evening Post

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MY LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In Erfurth a maiden dwells,
My heart's desire,
Her hair is gold, her eyes blue wells
Of love and fire.
I know so well how shyly sweet
Her life she meeteth,
I know just how in home or street
Kind eyes she greeteth.

High walls hath her house for warden,
But behind it
Is a deep old fragrant garden;
Those who find it
Say there never grew such roses
Or such grand trees,
Oft I dream when calm day closes
There walks Elise.

Oft she watches from her home
The evening star,
Dreaming how it shines in Rome
Or realms more far.
But her dreams come never, never
Hither to me,
Though I think of her forever
Naught knoweth she.

Once a stranger stopped to rest
With me an hour,
Drew her picture from his breast—
O, Love's sweet power
Bound me then forever fast!
Dear eyes and hair,
Dear winsome face at last
Shining on me there!

Only the rare lovely face,
Only a word,
And here in this far-off place
My heart is stirred.
She, where Erfurth frowns high,
Never can know;
Ah, Love knows more than I
Why this is so!

MARY'S TRIAL

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. DENISON.

It was her only consolation—reading that letter on her knees—out of burning eyes from which no tears fell. She had reached the last page.

"So good-by, my darling, and remember, if I fall, I have bequeathed you to my country. All I fear is, that being such a tender little nursling, you will not have the courage to seek for aid in any extremity. I am almost sorry you and your mother came to New York. It is not a good place for poor people; but I hope the little sum I sent you will be well managed. Keep up heart, my dear; in whatever circumstance you are placed stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate. God helping me I have tried to leave an honest name. But why should I hint at fear? Surely, surely if I am taken from you in some good way you will be kept from want. Pray for me, Mary, in a few hours I shall be in the thick of the fight."

How often had she read that letter? It comforted her sick mother so to hear it! Sobbing, and with dry eyes, now pressing her palms upon a burning forehead, that young stranger alone in an untried place.

O! yes, the money had been well managed; but God knows with bitter tears. It had paid for the long illness of that fragile figure lying there in the shadow of the room, in the darker shadow of death. And there was quite enough for the funeral expenses, quite enough, but it would take the uttermost farthing, and how should she pay for the two weeks' rent?

"If they had only been in kinder hands," she cried out, rising and leaning against the window that overlooked a dismal court, where the rain dripped from the houses, and the gutter streamed with mire, thinned by the storm; but this Mrs. Carboy—this horrible landlady with her horrible, sneering smile, and her keen black eyes that stabbed the girl at a glance and left her strengthless.

"My God, my God! hast Thou forsaken me?"

The cry was full of anguish wrought of extremest fear and gloomiest foreboding. That cruel paragraph, a week before, had stunned her for a time, deadened feeling, left her an automaton with only strength enough to wait on the failing wants of her mother. To-day she was fatherless, and that white form stretched out, attired by menial hands for the grave, was all that was left of her mother.

"O! what shall I do? where shall I go?"

A hard touch startled her. She turned, suddenly calm—white and cold, and opened the door—scarcely suppressing a shriek as the plain coffin was brought in and laid on the table. O! and she had eaten bread on that table, never thinking it might bear such a burden as this.

The undertaker looked at her curiously. He was a coarse man outwardly, but of a tender nature as befitting those who have dealings with the dead—always grieving by virtue of the hearts that loved and the tears that fall for them.

"Well, miss," he said softly, "it came to less than I told Mrs. Carboy yesterday. You shan't be worried any more than I can help, bein's you're in such trouble;" and he wiped his forehead with an immense bandanna handkerchief. "I'll nighly give in my services, and I think I'll git a couple o' dollars off the grave. You'll not want more'n one carriage with the hearse—them's what costs mostly—but I'll see to that, too. We'll be easy with you, miss."

"Thank you," faltered Mary.

"And now if you've got anywheres to go me and my man 'll put the body in."

"I—I think I'll stay," moaned Mary, the room suddenly going round. "Don't mind," as she sank into a seat; "it's only a little faintness; it will pass away in a moment."

"A bit o' camphire," mumbled the man.

"It's gone," said Mary, bravely looking up with eyes whose sadness cut him to the heart, he told his wife afterwards.

Alone! a bitter word, as those have felt returning to the home of luxury, weeping under expensive crape—surrounded by sympathising friends—how doubly bitter to Mary after that poor funeral! Mrs. Carboy had gone—a ride and a change of air she thought would do her good, so she foisted her vulgar presence upon the one poor mourner. Mrs. Carboy's neice and a frowsy young man who called his mother the old woman, and who had taken a desperate liking to poor Mary sat on the opposite seat, staring hard every time the white, sweet face became dimly visible under the thick veil.

"I'd like to know what she's goin' to do?" muttered Mrs. Carboy, stirring her tea vigorously that evening at supper.

Jim Carboy thought for a moment, sprang from the table, and hurried up stairs. Presently he returned, almost purple.

"I asked her to come down to tea, but she wouldn't," was his answer to the inquiring glances.

"She!" snarled his cousin; "the idea! that proud thing!"

"She ain't proud," was the half-fierce rejoinder. "Humph—'cause she's delicit and pretty—she's proud, eh?"

"Jim, how you do take up for her!" cried his mother. "I never!"

"Who cares?" and Jim cut his bread defiantly on the table cloth. "I say who cares? And I'd like to see her put upon, that's all."

"And I'd like to see her pay the rent," sniffed Mrs. Carboy.

"I'll pay the rent—don't you worry, old woman."

A faint shriek stopped the progress of Nancy Carboy's bread and butter.

"Don't choke, Nance," growled Jim Carboy, "or you'll spile a respectable bridesmaid."

"You don't mean," gasped his mother, putting down her knife and fork, pushing herself back, staring aghast.

"Don't I? Well pr'aps I don't—and then agen, it's likely I do. Either way, I'm my own master, I should hope. Never knew to the contrary before twenty-one, and now in the liquor business doin' respectable—well I should hope so."

He did hope so for a month, at the end of which he made his proposals, and was rejected. It was not in the heart of Mary Reynolds to wound the meanest nature; but his offer came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that she recoiled and did not hide the disgust with which he had inspired her. So in that moment, she made a bitter, vulgar, relentless enemy.

They had been in New York six months when her mother died. The moving had cost more than they had calculated; and not long after her mother's illness commenced, poor Mary had found her way to the pawnbrokers—that living tomb, with a grave seal on each bundle. There she has pawned many a useful article; and when her father's remittance reached them, Mary had but one decent dress left. All the money was sacredly kept for the fees and the funeral.

And Mary was left up in that dark, miserable room, to fight with poverty as best she could. She hunted for work, obtained some—but the merchants of New York have hard hearts and grasping hands. The pittance only kept her in food. How she bore sometimes the pangs of hunger—put up with the insults of the people under whose roof she lived—wept and prayed for death—strove with the energy of a proud spirit in a frail body to conquer circumstances, and failed hopelessly—only God and the pitying angels knew. She was a timid creature. Her father had been by nature a gentleman—he had prided himself upon the gentleness and beauty of his little woman-daughter—her graceful ways had been in lieu of pictures and the luxuries which a refined taste craves.

But alas! in this struggle with poverty how was she coming out?

"If you had had my Jim!" Mrs. Carboy reiterated, "you needn't have come to this."

Mary hid her face with a little shuddering cry.

"Oh! you're my fine lady, of course—we all know that. We all Feel'—making a profound curtsey—"that we're not good enough for—you—you beggar." The hard, coarse passion getting the ascendency.

"It wasn't that, Mrs. Carboy"—and Mary shuddered again—"I—I—didn't love him; I—couldn't make any one happy, I didn't love."

"That's folderol. Come—I've borne with this about long enough. Your mother's been dead four months, and it's coming winter. You haven't paid any rent this five weeks; and I want the room."

"Mrs. Carboy!" cried Mary, chokingly, "haven't I given up almost all the furniture?"

"Worth nothing! just worth nothing; wouldn't bring five dollars at auction—the whole on it. Besides, you're going into rags, anybody can see. You don't look respectable."

"Because I've sold everything to pay you," moaned the poor girl.

"Come, none, I won't have that. No impudence. Don't you accuse me of making you disreputable. I've did my best by you. Jim offered to have ye—and he'd have took care of you, handsome. You'd a lived like a lady; and his poor mother'd been in the background. Well, you heard—I want the room—to night."

"Oh! my God!" gasped Mary; "will you turn me into the street?"

"Oh! you'll find a home, with your face. As for me, I've been shilly-shallying long enough; I'm done with it. I tell you I want my room.

Mary moaned and shivered.

"Go—go—you wicked woman," she cried, grown desperate; and the hardhearted creature started back, frightened by the glare in the girl's hungry gray eyes.

"This very night—remember!" she threatened as she left.

Mary shut the door. When she turned to the light, a hard, almost evil expression settled upon the girlish face. She stood still a moment, staring at vacancy—her hands coming slowly together, clasping, the veins showing rigid and blue; then she drew her breath hard, and her hands fell at her side.

"Rags"—the sound coming from between set teeth—picking at the scant folds of her gown; "yes, she saw them coming. They have come—only I've patched, and patched. And now I'm not fit to go on the street—no"—fiercely; "absolutely not decent. Who would do anything for me—a beggar? Why I have to leave money when I take work at a new place—where's my money? I've sold everything that could be sold; I've pawned everything that could be pawned. I've no friends—they hate me here—hate me!" with a fierce gesture—"because I'm not one of them. And I can't be; oh! God, I cannot be;" the cry ended in a miserable wail, sobbing, and hysterical.

"And my father died for his country;" laughing hollowly—ending with a sob more violent than the others.

"Oh! father—father! if you could see me now! your Mary—your little Mary you loved and fondled so! ragged, cold, hungry, homeless; oh! father! father! father!" She threw herself on her knees, bending to and fro in absolute agony. Suddenly she dashed the tears away—her face grew like stone.

"Yes, I will—I will! God pities me. He sees to what extremities I am reduced. I will! To be there!—to feel father's arms about me—to lay my head on mother's bosom—oh! the grave is not cold, not cruel; only human hearts are both"—rising and groping forward like one blind. "I remember I put it here"—fumbling in the closet—"never thinking of this! Yes, here it is!" and again the low laugh of incipient delirium rang out. She lifted the vial. It looked blood red in the waning light. "They'll find me gone"—laughing again—"but they won't *dare* put me in the street then. No, no."

The little vial was labelled "Laudanum." There was enough to send the chill of death through those throbbing veins. The cork was in her hand—the vial approaching her lips. At that second, something which had been placed upon a corner of the shelf, stirred by some sudden jar, fell. The book, for it was that, remained open, and her father's letter, that had slipped from between the pages, showing only the words in his bold handwriting, "My Dear Daughter," rustled at her feet.

That saved her—for a moment she saw his honest, handsome face troubled with disquiet and horror. Following the impulse that rushed over her soul, she dashed the bottle to the floor, fell upon the table near which she stood, which the coffin of her dead mother had hallowed, and wept bitterly.

An hour after that she was calm again. She had read the letter of that dear father—she had wept over the words,

"*In whatever circumstances you are placed, stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate.*"

And one of these was, trust in God. Dark as the path seemed before her, she was sure that she never should waver again.

The poor bonnet was tied on—it was empty of flowers, no lace—no tinge of soft, costly ribbon shaded it—all that had been stripped off, and it was very shabby. So was the shawl, long since given up as wearing apparel, but it must do now. Gloves she had none—shoes, I had almost said she had none. They were scarcely worthy of the name, those thin, frayed things—only held together here and there.

"And he died for his country!"

The bitter thought *would* come. She went first to the house of the minister who prayed at her mother's funeral. He had said he would come again—would find some kind heart that would interest itself in the soldier's orphan. But he never came. Likely he had forgotten, and she had shrunk from applying to him.

A stolid servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Philips in?" timidly folding the miserable shawl over her cold hands.

"Mr. Philips, child—why he's been dead this three months or more. Got the fever tending to some low creeter. He always would"—and seeing the girl stepped back. She shut the door in her face and hurried away.

It was dark. Mary walked on, sick at heart, shivering with the intense cold. The lights streaming along the wet pavements seemed to mock her.

"Is there any lodging house where I can sleep for a few pennies?"

The night watchman turned sharply.

"You—" The words were cut short at one glance. "How came you here?"

"I've no home, sir."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't any?"

"Humph!"

"I'm very cold. I'd go anywhere to get warm." Her teeth chattered.

Still he was suspicious.

"Do to look into this case a little, though," he muttered. "There's a cellar on Mulberry street. It's late, or I'd—see here'—with a sudden thought—"come to the station-house, no—to-morrow. I'll have a little talk with you, and if you're honest—"

Mary broke from him, wild with pain, frenzied at the implication. She walked many squares—not cold now. Oh! no, very warm, glowing even, and if her teeth chattered, it was not the cold—no, not the cold.

Somebody guided her to Mulberry street, a wicked, ragged urchin, mocking her as he spoke. She found it, ran down the rough steps, risking her neck, they were so slippery, entering the foul den, where all along were holes in the wall, and matted hair and dirty hands hung over or showed black above the foul coverings.

"You'll have a bed?"

The woman, hag though she was, a vicious, stony-hearted, sour-faced vixen, yet felt some thawing of pity as she met the haggard eyes.

"Can't I sit up?" asked Mary. "I only want to get out of the cold and rain."

"Well, you might do better than this, I think. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I didn't think you was fifteen. Lord! you might do better than this."

"I couldn't get work—they thrust me on the street."

"Work!" The woman laughed a low, wicked laugh. "Well, down with you—there's a bench."

They came streaming in. Heavens! what a crew, unshaved, unshorn, the very brand of hell on their faces. Women who had lost all outward semblance of womanliness, beggars with wailing children suffering under tortures inflicted for the sole purpose of wheedling money out of the passer-by, young girls stamped with crime, laughing, shouting, blaspheming.

And Mary sat there in a dull stupor, seeing this reeking mass troop by her—now

GATHERING COCHINEAL IN ALGERIA.

Every one knows that the little insect called the cochineal furnishes, when its body has been dried and reduced to powder, a coloring matter of a beautiful red, peculiar to itself. This circumstance has saved the cochineal from the persecution to which so many other kinds of insects have been devoted by the hand of man. In hot climates, in which the cochineal insect delights, it has been preserved, and is cultivated as an article of commerce. This is how the cochineal is reared in Mexico:—An open piece of land is chosen, protected against the west wind, and of about one or two acres in extent. This is surrounded with a hedge of reeds, planted in lines, distant from each other about a yard, with cuttings of cactus at most about two feet apart. The cactus garden made, the next thing is to establish in it cochineals. With this object in view they are sought in the woods, or else the females of the cochineal insect which are gravid are taken off plants which have been sheltered during the winter, and placed in dozens, in nests made of cocoa-nut fibres, or in little plaited baskets made of the leaves of the dwarf palm, and hung on the prickles of the cactus. These are very soon covered with young larvæ. The only thing now required to be done is to shelter them from wind and rain.

The larvæ are changed into perfect insects, which take up their abode permanently on the branches of the cacti, as our engraving represents. The Mexicans gather them as soon as they have reached the perfect state. The harvest cannot be difficult, considering the immobility of these little creatures. When collected, the cochineals are killed, packed in wooden boxes, and sent to Europe, to be used in dyeing.

The circumstances attending the birth of the cochineal insect are very curious. The larvæ are born in the dried-up body of their dead mother, the skeleton of their mother serving them as a cradle. This happens thus:—The eggs are attached to the lower part of the mother's body. When the abdomen of the mother is empty, its lower side draws up towards the upper side, and the two together form a pretty large cavity. When the mother dies, which is not long in happening, her abdomen dries up, her skin becomes horny, and forms a sort of shell. It is in this membranous cradle that the larvæ of the cochineal insect are born. The cochineal insect in its wild state lives in the woods. But it can without difficulty be reared artificially. In 1853, in the province of Algiers alone, there were fourteen *nopaleries*, or cactus gardens, containing 61,500 plants, although the insects were first introduced into Algeria, as late as 1831.

shivering, now burning, and yet never ting go her hold on the mercy of God.

The proprietor of the place came up again. Something in Mary's apathy moved her.

"Be you hungry, child?" she asked.

"I don't know; I thought I was before I came out—I haven't eat anything to-day."

Whether for good or evil let God judge, but the woman was prompted to help this forlorn child.

"Come out here," she said; "lawk! how hot your hand is!" and she led her through the filthy atmosphere to where a green baize door swung back at her touch, revealing a room with some pretentious to comfort.

"You see I was eating myself. There! drink that," pouring out some tea, and shuddering at the timid gratitude in Mary's eyes; "and after you've eat some'at, there's a better bed for ye. I see you ain't used to this sort."

A moment after the night-watchman passed this den, and peered down.

"I tell you what, wife," he said the next day, "I saw a girl I'd a mind to take home last night, poor thing."

"From the street?"

"Yes, there was something in her eyes that haunted me—wish I had."

"Well I don't—that trash knows just how to work on a man's sympathy. Couldn't on mine."

"But she wasn't that sort, I'd take my oath. Great God! if it had been our Alice!"

"Don't speak of her in the same breath with a tramp, George," said his wife, angrily.

Morning came, and the mass of corruption began to stir in the den in Mulberry street. The proprietor was up betimes, and took a look at the strange girl she had befriended.

"Is the girl dead?" she muttered.

Very like death was the motionless figure; very like. Not a tinge of color on the quiet face, dying even out of the lips. She slept so soundly, too.

"She's not dead. I'm glad of that, poor thing!" with a low laugh of satisfaction; "because she'd a been on my hands, and it's bad enough to have 'em the other way with the life in 'em. But a body has to get a living, and where else would they go?"

"Say," and she touched her on the arm, shook her heavily. The girl opened her eyes as if with an effort.

"Come, it's time you was up; they're all gone."

Mary stared.

"You won't let them take the letter?"

"What letter?"

"Father's letter; he died for his country, you know."

"Oh! why no—but seems to me"—with another shake, "you're out o' head."

"I'll get up—I'll—" She lifted herself, then fell helplessly back.

"Here's a case," muttered the woman. "Sick on my hands. That comes o' bein' tender-like, goin' out o' the way to be kind. Never did it in my life, but I got paid this 'ere way. Jake!" to a black boy skulking in the den, shaking up the wretched beds.

"Mum?"

"Go to the guv'ner and tell him there's a girl for the hospital here, and she must go straight. You hear?"

"Yes'm." And off went the boy.

An hour later and poor Mary lay in the hospital-ward, nursed by gentle hands.

"You would come, mother," said the doctor, a grave young man in spectacles as he escorted a middle-aged woman through the wards.

"Upon my word, John, I didn't think it would be such a miserable strain upon my sympathies."

"I told you so."

"But what sweet face is that, eh?" holding her glasses up.

"A girl, only seventeen, I think." The doctor looked at her professionally.

"Dangerous?"

"Her days are numbered."

"O! John!" the gold-rimmed glasses grew dim; "the pretty, pretty creature!" in a hushed, awe-struck voice.

"Yes, both pretty and good. See, here is something they found on her."

Mrs. Wrentham took the letter to a window opposite. When John went over there she could not speak, but her handkerchief was busy, very busy, and very wet. The gold eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"O! John—I—it's shameful!—why—you read this!" speaking with difficulty.

"I did," his voice a shade graver.

"The poor, suffering child, John!"

"Well, madam?"

"You're—not—not going to let that girl—die—" chokingly.

"How can I help it?"

"She must *not* die—John—I—I believe I shall feel hard towards you if she does. Her youth—her strength must carry her through. Ah! the poor man—dead, of course—and such a beautiful letter! John, I tell you what! the country that he died for may not care for her—but—so sure as she lives—I will; do you hear, John?"

"Yes, madam, that from you is as good as an oath."

"And—you—you'll try your best."

"All that human skill can do shall be tried in her case."

"You're—so—so apathetic, John!" and the handkerchief went to work again. She did not see the sudden look of intense pain that crossed the face of her reticent doctor-son.

And youth and strength did triumph. Mary was convalescing—not in the hospital ward, but in the beautiful, sunny room, where birds and flowers brightened the windows. They had taken her there as soon as she could bear the change. And the grave young doctor seemed to like it, though he had hardly seconded his mother's wish.

"O! if I had lost trust in God again!" Mary shuddered as she told her sad little story.

"You would never have been my daughter," said a soft voice, and a kiss fell on her forhead.

There were years of study and preparation first, but Mary sits in her own home to-day, the treasured wife of Dr. Wrentham.

☞ THE WHALE FISHERY.—Year by year this industry is declining in this country. The catch was small for 1870, and prices for oils and whalebone have been depressed. Whale and Sperm oils have now to compete with petroleum and Cotton Seed oil.

☞ The strongest vegetable fibre known is said to be that of New Zealand flax. It has sword-like leaves, ten or twelve feet in length. It is used by the settlers for binding their sheaves, fastening their gates, tying up their horses, and in almost every possible way.

☞ Napoleon has visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. He was received in a very friendly manner.

Going to India for a Rich Husband.

One of the most attractive girls I ever knew was Louisa Bellamy. And for a short while I saw a good deal of her, for she went out to Bombay in the "Bengal," East Indiaman, of which ship I was then chief officer. Her family and mine were old friends, so that she and I were not strangers. The Bellamys were well-connected, but very poor—taking into consideration the position to which they of right belonged, and their large family—two sons and eight daughters. Louisa was the youngest of all.

The boys entered the East India Company's service, and had been fortunate. Charles, the eldest, especially so. Circumstances helped him to his majority very early, and he had married a rich girl soon after his arrival in India. From thenceforward he had lived in first-rate style, and helped his family. Every one of his sisters had been sent to him successively, and he had contrived to find a good "parti" for each. All had married well, and most of them were settled in India.

Louisa's turn was the last to come. Like her sisters she was shrewd and clever, well able to take care of herself and to make the most of opportunities. From her earliest childhood she had been trained to look upon a good marriage—that is, a wealthy one—as "a young lady's chief end and aim in life:" and that this end was only to be attained by going out to India. Ever since she could remember, her home had seemed to be in a chronic state of excitement and turmoil consequent on the successive gettings-off of her elder sisters for the land of promise. After each departure her mother had suffered under a continued attack of fidgets and anxiety until the news came to her of the longed-for desirable engagement. No wonder that a rich husband formed the main point in Louisa Bellamy's creed. Her turn had come now. She was going to India *to get married*. And she meant to marry well.

Mrs. Bellamy kept up her admonitions to the last. "Louisa, mind; mind again and again," she reiterated on the eve of the departure; "your sisters have all done well, but you will do better. You are by far the best-looking of them all, and have only to play your cards well. I think I need not caution you against falling in love with a poor man: love is very well in its way, but married poverty is awful. You have been reared to know this. Never, never make a fool of yourself in that manner."

Louisa quite laughed at the charge: in her case it sounded so utterly needless. "Never fear, mamma," were her parting words, spoken emphatically. "I know. I'll take care of myself. See if I don't make a position worth all theirs put together. *Trust me for that.* It shall not be far inferior to that of the wife of the Governor-general."

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" returned the happy mother. "You were always my favorite child, Louisa, and I have ever looked forward to your welfare in life."

What Louisa Bellamy dreamed of that last night, I cannot tell. Before falling asleep she lay for some time wrapt in visions of a palace, with hosts of black servants in and about it. Carriages, horses, company, music, dancing, jewels, pomp and state; each held a place in the panorama. And in the midst of it all, she, herself, figured conspicuously, the reigning queen.

On the departure of the Bengal, we towed down to Gravesend, and anchored. Two days were spent there in getting ready for sea, and receiving the passengers with their piles of luggage. It was a fine morning in February when we started finally on our voyage. The wind was north-west, blowing a steady breeze. We soon had all sail set, and bowled along merrily down past the "Nore," and so on.

Going down Channel I saw but little of the passengers. A ship just leaving home, especially with a fresh crew, gives the officers, and more particularly the chief, plenty of occupation. By the time we reached Madeira, things had got into good working order, and I had a little spare time. The weather was constantly fine: none of the passengers had been ill. They had had ample time to get intimate: which, as a rule, is what people quickly do when going a long voyage together. We carried about thirty, of which some two-thirds were ladies; one or two had children with them. They all seemed very nice, and we got on well.

Of the men passengers one in particular gained my liking, more than all the rest. Perhaps his name, George Armstrong, may have had something to do with the first attraction. It was that of an old school chum, who had died, with whom, as a boy, I had been very intimate. This George Armstrong was a frank, gentlemanly, handsome fellow, six feet high, with a pair of shoulders to match. His face, with its habitual good-tempered expression, was kindness itself; showing also good sense and ability. He had come out about third at the examination for a commission, and was now going out as lieutenant in the Engineers. A smart, pushing fellow, who would in time make a name for himself, if not knocked over by a cannon-ball. Many have been, mark you.

George Armstrong had nothing but his pay and a small private income of fifty pounds a year. After all, this is not so great a misfortune; perhaps the contrary; for a clever, steady young man in India. If he has it in him, the very fact of his being obliged to work for a position, spurs him on to exertion: and he often rises far beyond those who start with money, and so are content to vegetate and take life easily. Armstrong grew to be a favorite on board the Bengal, and he and I struck up a real friendship. He took a fancy to me, just as I did to him.

The days on board passed very pleasantly. One had not time to feel ennui. Every hour had its occupation or amusement. Bathing and coffee in the morning: breakfast at nine o'clock: tiffin at noon: dinner at four: tea at seven. It seemed like one continual meal. At eight o'clock the steward put wine on the table, with cakes and such light things. During the day the ladies read, sewed, practised music, played with the children, and found various other pastimes. The men smoked, read, played quoits, and fired at bottles suspended from a studsail-boom end. Often we had a ship in sight: sometimes a homeward-bounder. There would be plenty of signalling, of answering and asking eager questions on both sides. In fine light weather we once or twice boarded another ship, seven or eight of the passengers going in the boat. As for fish, we caught plenty, including several sharks. These also afforded much amusement, and caused not a little trepidation to the ladies when they came to take a near view of the shark's flounderings on the deck. There was a rubber in the evenings for those who cared about it, sometimes a round game: Pope Joan, or vinget-et-un. Chess also: singing: music: once or twice a week dancing on the poop—a fine, large poop, was that of the Bengal. But the favorite amusement in the warm still nights of the tropics, was the desultory lingering on this same poop, walking, sitting, and chatting.

Several young ladies on board were in the same position as Miss Bellamy—going out to their friends in the hope of getting well married. It is a kind of institution with us, you know, this going out. Nearly all were under the captain's charge, and he looked after them pretty well. Most of the men were in the army; the gallantry of such is proverbial, and there was a very fair amount of small flirting done. Louisa Bellamy was a very adept at the game. She turned the heads of half the men with her arch, winning manners, and her natural attractions. Armstrong was undoubtedly the favorite with every lady on board. It was clear as the day that each one looked best pleased when he was her cavalier. Perhaps it was from seeing this that Miss Bellamy laid herself out to attract him. She certainly did do so. For a long time he took it all for what it was worth, and tried to pay her off in kind. With him, however, it grew into something deeper. But she was proof against all his shafts, and only laughed at him.

And so the ship sailed on, the time flying by. So pleasantly did it pass, that we were well down South and across the S.E. trades before any one began to talk of getting to the Cape. The weather kept fine; the evening promenades were continued, as well as the flirting; and Mr. Armstrong was invariably the companion of Miss Bellamy. In short, it was, with him, the old story; he had played with edged tools, and cut his fingers.

One night I was keeping the first watch, walking fore and aft the poop, when he came up and turned about with me. I thought I'd rally him.

"Well, Armstrong, so you're in for it at last!"

"Pooh! nonsense!" returned he, turning as red as a crimson sunset.

"It is useless your trying to deceive me, man—and perhaps yourself also. I see it all plainly."

"Well, upon my word, I believe it is as you say, old fellow," he acknowledged, coming round. "I can't help myself."

"Now, Armstrong, look here—take a fool's advice. Don't let the fancy go on. Get out of it while you can. Depend upon it, you will only be wasting your time and love upon her. She is a charming girl; I believe a truly good girl; but she knows how to take the best care of herself. She is going out to India, as her sisters all did before her, to find a rich husband."

"You know her people, don't you?"

"Yes, I know them. And I know the creed they have brought her up in. Believe me, Armstrong, Louisa Bellamy will never look seriously on a poor man like you."

"I suppose you are right," he said, after a pause. "I have thought all along that she was only amusing herself with me. It's this: she attracts a man against his will. But I'll cut the matter short from to-night."

Towards morning the weather changed. The wind hauled into the south-east, and came on to blow. For two days we had a strong gale with a heavy cross sea, and the ship was knocked about a good deal. The passengers showed out very little. This was the first bad weather experienced, and many of them were qualmish and kept to their state-rooms. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy were among the few who could remain about, as usual. He seemed to be keeping to his determination, for he did not speak to her more than common civility demanded; and when in the cuddy, always seated himself at a safe distance.

But this could not last. The ice in George Armstrong's bosom melted: his good resolves gave way. When fine weather returned, and the evening walks were resumed, he and Miss Bellamy were again promenading the poop side by side. And, all this time, was she smitten? Not one bit, that I could detect; and I watched her closely. I felt sure that I had taken her true estimate: she was of the world, worldly.

Some two months after leaving England we made the Cape. The weather was fine, and the ship put into Table Bay. Ostensibly for water, fresh meat and vegetables: in reality to afford the passengers an opportunity of seeing the place and having a run on shore. They had great fun. I only wish I had been with them; but we had sprung a topmast and sustained some other damage shortly before, and I had to remain on board to look after the refitting. Table Bay was left after a sojourn of two days. The weather was fine, the wind southerly and moderate. The next day but one, breakfast being ended, and most of the passengers assembled on the poop, some of the men began fishing over the stern for Cape pigeons and albatrosses. The ship was going about five knots, with the yards braced up. I stood looking on at the fishing, and then went forward to the forecastle ladder, when there was a loud cry from the helmsman.

"Man overboard!"

Of all the different calls on board ship in moments of sudden danger this is, to me, the most startling and impressive. It sends through me a peculiar thrill, and imparts a feeling of undefinable dread and gloom that no other cry does. I have, unfortunately, heard it often. I have also heard nearly all the others from "Breakers under the bows" to "Fire." But none ever so painfully impressed me as that of "Man overboard."

"Man overboard!" How instantaneously the cry was caught up and echoed by twenty voices! What a state of panic and confusion the passengers were in! All the crew came on deck in an instant: even they who had been in their banks.

"Where?" I cried, bounding back to the poop, and running aft. "Who is it?"

"Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong."

"Hard down the helm, hard down, my lad!" I said as I seized a life-buoy and threw it as far as I could towards where he was paddling about in the water, a hundred and fifty yards astern. Although the buoys were close at hand, strange to say, nobody had thought of throwing one overboard. The one I threw did not go thirty yards from the ship.

"Hard down the helm. All hands on deck. Let go the maintack and bowline, mainsheet; back the main yard. Mr. Green, take four hands with you and clear away the small life-boat; get into her and lower away as soon as you're ready. Jones," to a middy, "jump up into the mizen-top and keep your eye on the man overboard."

In a very short time the ship was stopped, and the boat travelling as fast as four good men could pull her, towards the place where Armstrong could be seen from aleft swimming about. Unfortunately he had not reached the life-buoy. It was now a question of how long he could keep up. The weather was fine, and the water comparatively smooth; but there was a good deal of swell on.

One good thing, it was daylight. If he were only a tolerably good swimmer there was a fair chance of his being saved. But—*could* he swim well? None of us knew!

It was a most anxious time. The suspense was terrible. Most of the passengers, certainly all the ladies, were literally in fear and trembling for a human life. Presently, Jones sang out from the mizen-top: "It's all right; the boat sees him. They are pulling straight for him." A minute or two later, the youngster was at my elbow on the deck, very much to my astonishment, for I had not seen him come down.

"What the deuce are you doing here? Did I not send you into the mizen-top to keep a look-out on the boat and the man in the water?"

"I saw the boat pulling straight for him, sir, so I thought I might come down."

"Did you see him taken into the boat?"

"No, sir."

"Then you ought to have stayed up."

We could only await the boat's approach. All hoped and expected that he had been picked up, but no one was sure of it. He might have gone down, exhausted, just as the boat was getting to him. A few minutes would solve the question.

Louisa Bellamy was on the poop with the others. For the first time I observed something which told me that she too, perhaps, might have had her feathers scorched from fluttering too near the flame. There was no mistaking it; she was profoundly agitated: her distress was real and very great, though she strove to hide it.

The boat was returning. Had they found him? "Yes," said one, "I can count six. No—stop a bit. It's only five. Armstrong's lost."

"No: he is *saved*," said the captain, "for I see him. Thank God." And with the good words there arose a sudden commotion and flutter.

"What's the matter with Miss Bellamy? Oh, dear! Miss Bellamy has fainted!"

It was true. They had to catch her as she was falling. The strain on the nervous system had been too great. Nothing was thought of it; she soon revived, laughed it off, and called herself stupid for fainting "at such a trifle."

The boat came alongside, and Armstrong scrambled up the side ladder, grinning. His appearance, to say the least of it, was not elegant. Having divested himself of boots, coat and vest, while in the water, he now appeared on the scene in a wet shirt and pantaloons that clung about him in folds and pleats.

Down he dived to his cabin; had a stiff glass of brandy, and a heavy rub down. Meanwhile the boat was hoisted up, the sails were trimmed, and the ship kept on her course.

The weather continued fine; and in a few days we entered the Mozambique Channel. Here we got a fine S. E. wind which sent us bowling along nine or ten knots, with stunsails set alow and aloft.

All this time Mr. Armstrong and Miss Bellamy seemed to go on as usual. He was content and demonstrative in his attention. In fact, it was plain to every one on board how matters were with *him*. She, on the contrary, appeared as indifferent as ever, and teased him like a child. Sometimes I fancied this indifference was only assumed; but, if so, it was cleverly done. Events, however, were bringing on a crisis.

We had left the Cape about ten days. One evening, just at eight o'clock, I was relieved from watch. The stewards had placed the usual *grog* and wine on the table, and I went into the cuddy. The captain was seated in his state-room—the after one—a chart spread out before him. He called me in.

"You have the middle watch, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, at midnight when you come on deck, take all the stunsails in, and haul her up a couple of points. Keep a good look-out for the island. It's very low, so the chances are that you'll not see anything of it."

"Very good, sir."

And I had just begun a game at chess in the cuddy when the captain called me back again.

"Oh, look here, Mr. W——, I think you need not mind about the stunsails. I'll alter the course a point at once; that ought to take us well clear. However, you can keep a sharp look-out just the same. We were a hundred and twenty miles, or so, off at noon: and, according to the rate we've been going at since, she ought to be up with the island between one and two o'clock."

"Very good, sir," I repeated; "I'll keep a good look-out." And I returned to my game of chess. It did not last long, and I soon turned in.

At midnight, when I relieved the second mate, the night was fine and tolerably clear. Clear enough overhead. But on the water there was a sort of light mist, and the rays of the moon, which was now about two hours high, were dazzling. The breeze had freshened, and we had quite enough of it for the small stunsails. I took my usual turn round the decks, cautioned the look-out man, and returned to the poop.

About half-past one I reckoned up, mentally, that we must have about run the exact distance. "Davis," I said to the third mate, "just go forward and see if the look-out is nodding: if so, give him a trifle to remember you by. Stop on the forecastle yourself till I call you off, and keep a sharp look-out."

Away went Davis. I had my night-glasses with me; and, knowing that if we saw the land at all we should be very close to it, walked from side to side of the poop, looking anxiously around.

Suddenly, a couple of gulls shrieked overhead. "Surely!" thought I, "that's a warning, and I'll accept it." I hurried forward, determined to remain on the look-out myself. As I ascended the forecastle ladder, Davis was in the act of coming down, and met me.

"Is that you, sir? There's something ahead I can't quite make out. I was coming aft to tell you. It looks like a sort of cloud."

Pushing past him, I took one look. For a second of time, my heart seemed to turn quite cold and stand still. I felt half sick. The next moment I was all right: the shock had been too heavy. *We were right bang on the island!* There it was, scarcely a mile off. I could see the surf distinctly with the glasses, and the ship was tearing along straight for it, about ten knots an hour! We ought to have seen it sooner, but the glare of the moon rendered the horizon all round quite black-looking; whilst at the same time its rays on the water made the surf impossible to be distinguished at a distance.

For a moment I thought nothing *could* save the ship. Fortunately, I have always been very cool; quite self-possessed in sudden emergencies, as in moments of the greatest peril. It is my nature to be so: and I wish all sailors could say the same. There was but one thing that could save us; and I tried it.

"Hard up! hard up," I shouted to the helmsman. "Call all hands to save ship. Let go the royal halyards and stuns'l tacks fore and aft. Brace the cross-jack yard round." By this time I had got down off the forecastle, and hurried aft. "Let go the lee main braces, one of you; main tack and sheet too, somebody." All this had occupied less than half a minute: and I now met the third mate with his startled and anxious face.

"Davis, call the captain. Tell him we are right on the top of it."

Two minutes more, and we were in a pretty pickle. The helm had been put hard up, and the ship spun round on her keel like a top. She was now flat aback by the lee and going stern first towards the island. The men had been too slow in their movements; and before the yards could be braced round, they had taken aback. The state of confusion was frightful. I got up on to the poop. All the crew were out on deck, some pulling on one rope, some on another, all of them talking, many frightened and bewildered. This would never answer.

"Silence, fore and aft! What the deuce are you all doing? Attend to the word of command. Mr. Green, bring your watch into the poop and turn this mainyard round. Do you hear there, starboard watch on the poop. Port watch, haul in the port cross-jack braces."

The captain rushed on deck in his shirt-tails. Most of the men passengers were so rushing also. The wind blew freshly and the tails flattered. It was a good thing I retained my presence of mind, for the captain three-parts lost his.

"Good heavens, W——, what's the matter?" he cried. "*Where is it?* I can't see a thing: that confounded moonlight blinds me quite. I can't do anything just now. You had better go on with it, as you know the position of things."

"There's the land, sir," I said, "that black streak; and there's the broken water."

And uncommonly close it was to us. The captain looked bewildered.

"Shift the helm, my lad," I said to the man at the wheel. "Now, sir," I continued, "you see how she is. If you will take charge, I'll go down on the main deck and get the head yards to rights: the boatswain is making a regular mess of it. And with all the lee stuns'ls set and the swinging boom out, it's an awkward job."

"All right, W——," he replied. "I've got my eyesight now: I'll look after her."

The scene in the cuddy, as I afterward learnt, was a terrible one. When the startling cry was echoed along the deck and through the cabins. "All hands save ship," the passengers had, one and all, expected immediate shipwreck, and death as a natural consequence. In these moments of sudden peril on board ship, and especially if they occur at night, passengers invariably give way to excess of terror. It is but natural. The conveniences of life are thrown to the winds—as was the case in the Bengal. The women rushed from their beds in their night dresses; shrieking, sobbing, talking wildly. They did not dare to go on deck, but huddled themselves in a group in the cuddy. To add to the confusion, the lamp had gone out and they were in darkness. George Armstrong had hurried back from the poop at first, in search of Miss Bellamy. Believing that the ship must inevitably go ashore in the next few moments, he ignored ceremony and burst into her cabin. She had just left her bed. There was no light, but instinct told her who was coming to the rescue.

"Oh, George, George! what is the danger?"

For answer, George Armstrong took her to him, and clasped her in his strong arms. It was no time for concealing the peril.

"My dearest," he said, "a few moments may end all. Even as I speak to you, the ship's bottom is in danger of being knocked out; in which case, we must all perish."

She was dreadfully agitated. And in that moment, each one believing it to be the last, reticence was thrown away. With the fear of death before us, we dare not persist in a lie; and George Armstrong heard how passionately she loved him.

And they made a compact, each with each; that if, by God's mercy, they should come unscathed out of this peril, they would become to one another man and wife. Her head dropped on his breast, and rested there, as she made the solemn promise.

She let him take his first passionate kiss. Then, telling her to get a cloak on, or something, he left her with the other ladies in the cabin.

Then he rushed up on deck, and found some of the passengers helping the crew to brace the mainyard round. Armstrong fell-to with his great strength; doing more than any two in the crowd. It was an awful job, getting the ship to-rights. Five o'clock had struck before we had her snugged down to topsails and jib, and the watch sent below. However, we were saved.

Dodging away to the southward till after breakfast, we then stood back for the island: running close in, and taking a good stare at it. The weather was bright and genial, the sun shone hotly. Although uninhabited, there was some appearance of wild vegetation. Clumps of trees clustered here and there, green bushes also; in contrast with which the shelving, sandy beach looked quite enticing, as the water rippled gently upon it—for we were on the lee side of the island now, and, of course, in smooth water. There was some talk of lowering a boat and landing; but it came to nothing. The captain was more eager to take advantage of the fine S.E. wind blowing, and make up for the few hours we had lately lost. So we squared away and stood to the northward. All sail was quickly packed on the "Bengal;" and in an hour's time Europa Island was out of sight astern.

"I have often wished to see the place," said the captain to me. "I have passed it a good few times, but always out of sight. We nearly saw too much of it now, eh, Mr. W——. However, a miss is as good as a mile."

From this time we had a constant succession of fair winds and fine weather; and arrived at Bombay on the first of June. During the remainder of the passage it was patent to everybody on board how matters were between Armstrong and Miss Bellamy. Never a thought crossed her of retracing the promise, given in a moment of peril: and she looked supremely happy. Nearly the first to board us off Bombay Harbor was Major Bellamy: he had come off in one of the boats. The young lady waited by the poop ladder to receive him.

"Well, Charles!"

"My dear Louisa! But how you've grown. And improved too? By George, you put your sisters into the shade!"

"I want to introduce a gentleman to you," she went on, beckoning Armstrong forward; "one of the passengers and a friend of mine; Mr. Armstrong. George, this is my brother Charley."

Charles Bellamy looked blank. There was no mistaking, as he feared, what this style of introduction meant. Ere he had held out his hand with some hesitation—and the frank, pleasant face of George Armstrong seemed to compel him to that advance, Louisa disappeared, saying she had her "things" to look after.

Major Bellamy looked round, and saw me. A warm grasp of the hand, and he pulled me aside. Our thoughts went back to the old days, and it almost seemed as though we were lads together again. We were at the same school—though he was a few years older than I.

"I say, Harry, what is the meaning of all this? Louisa speaks to that man as 'George,' and she coolly introduces me to him as 'my brother Charley.'"

"Well—I see you guess," was my hurried answer—for I had barely time to stay a moment with him. "I think it is a case Charles. I warned Armstrong against it; I said a word or two of warning to Louisa; but love and circumstances have been too strong for prudence."

My companion drew in his lips. "What is he? Poor, of course!"

"Has next to nothing, besides his pay: he's a lieutenant in the Engineers. But look here, Bellamy—he is a *gentleman* in the best sense of the word; and a downright good fellow: safe to get on. If Louisa were my sister, I'd give her to him with pleasure to-morrow."

"But—"

"I can't stay: we are about to bring up, and there's the pilot calling out for the chief officer. I'll come on to you, old friend, as soon as I can get ashore."

It came to pass, and very shortly: for Major Bellamy did not see his way clear to hold out against Louisa's will. And he had grown to like Armstrong. I was at the wedding; and we had a merry time.

The following formed part of Mrs. George Armstrong's first letter home after the ceremony:

"POONAH, July 27th.

"MY DEAREST MAMMA—We have been married three days, and are now at this place. I find it much pleasanter than Bombay. The latter, just now, is very disagreeable to live in. Always rainy and cold, or rainy and hot and muggy. Here the weather is lovely. I wish we were rich, that we might come home to see you; I know you would like George. He hopes to get promotion soon; and I am sure he will, for he is very clever and persevering. He desires his love to you; and he says if papa—but I'll leave a space at the end for him to write his own messages.

"All the girls have gone on at me in a most disgraceful manner for marrying him. Georgiana went into a passion over it; she said I had made a great fool of myself, and thrown myself away. They all talked no end of nonsense about a Mr. Stewart, saying I ought to have married *him* because he is *immensely* rich. Would you believe that he proposed to Charles for me when he had only seen me twice? Fancy it! He is an old man, quite forty, and his whiskers are turning gray. The idea of his wanting *me!* Riches may be very well, dear mamma, but love's better. Oh, if you could but see George! He is worth—"

Mrs. Bellamy dashed down the letter with a groan. She had not patience to read further. Louisa's ideas had indeed undergone a change in a few months—and to her mother it was a cruel blow.

"The simpleton! the utter idiot!" said Mrs. Bellamy in her wrath. "To think that she should tie herself to a poor lieutenant in a marching regiment with nothing but his pay, when she might have done so well! I'll never forgive her; never." H. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AD FIDEM; OR, PARISH EVIDENCES OF THE BIBLE. By Rev. E. F. BURR, D. D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. Books on Scriptural subjects multiply. The great conflict of religious opinions, which every candid mind must recognize, rages with increased rather than abated interest. New views, new arguments, new claims and new denials are so numerous in religious discussion, that we are ready to agree with the author of the present volume when he says "you can hardly make an assertion so trifling or so great but some one is ready to dispute or qualify it." Let the conflict go on—the freest and the furthest thought be spoken—we have no fear for the truth. Evils undoubtedly arise from this freedom of discussion, but greater evils from its attempted repression. In other days the sword was used to check it, but it failed in the end, and the world is almost ready to obey the Gospel injunction, "Put up thy sword!" so far as it is to be regarded as an ally of the church. Dr. Burr is a warm defender of the Christian Faith. His book is intended to lead the doubting to the old conclusion—there is nothing better than the simple faith of Scripture. The plan of the work is original, its execution admirable. Honest, earnest and charitable in his utterances, the writer is one whom it is good to hear, for it is such men who will from the confusion of present opinions evolve safe and practical beliefs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have the book for sale.

THE DESCENT OF MAN. By CHARLES DARWIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The second volume of a new edition of this remarkable work has been issued. Few books have ever created such a sensation in the scientific world. Mr. Darwin's views, at first condemned as false and absurd, are beginning to receive the respect which so extraordinary a system of doctrines could not at once command. Already are they not only extensively assented to, but they are leading the scientific mind to convictions which not long ago it scouted as impossible. A large number of the most intelligent of our race are preparing to make the serious if not sorrowful confession that their remote ancestors were monkeys. This may seem humiliating, but it is encouraging after all, for if monkeys grew to be men, may not men grow to be something better than they are at present? Seriously, the book is a declaration of the most remarkable doctrines that have ever been announced, and may prove more destructive to scientific and other dogmas than anything they have heretofore had to contend with. Meanwhile the work will be read by every one interested in the questions at issue. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have it.

HARRY LORREQUER. By CHARLES LEVER. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is the third volume of a new and popular edition of the works of this genial and manly writer. Wit, humor, drollery and a hearty expression of good human feeling characterize the work.

SIGHTS A-FOOT. By WILKIE COLLINS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This is the ninth volume of a new, cheap and popular edition of the works of this prolific author.

GUTENBERG AND THE ART OF PRINTING. By EMILY C. PEARSON. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. This volume is a memorial narrative of the life of Gutenberg, and a history of the art for which he did so much in bringing it to light and practice. It is his sufficient fame to have his memory connected with that wonderful art of printing which has become such a power in modern civilization. The book is full of interesting and valuable information, being not only what its title implies, but a picture of the days when German thought began slowly, but grandly, to move the world. The work is illustrated, and attractive to both old and young. J. B Lippincott & Co. have it.

WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. By GEORGES DUPLESSIS. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. This is a new book in Scribner's library of Illustrated Wonders. The title of the work is enough to indicate its value and interest. Nothing better could be put into the hands of the young, while older readers could learn much from its pages—facts they never knew, but which lie around them buried and unburied, in either case unnoticed. Porter & Coates have the volume for sale.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR APRIL. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. The contents of this number are up to the usual standard, though there seems to be no article of special prominence. "No Ring," a poem by Alice Cary, is interesting, aside from its merit, from the fact that it is the production of one whose earthly song has ceased.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, April 8, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NEW STORY.

In THE POST next week we design commencing the publication of an original story by Margaret Hosmer, entitled

MILDRED;
on,
Saved by Hydrophobia.

This story, which is a strange and interesting one, will be illustrated, and will run through three or four numbers of THE POST.

THE BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this company. It embraces the Non-Forfeiture feature, by which the failure to make a yearly payment when due does not at once vitiate the policy. One annual payment keeps you insured for 3 years, two annual payments for 4 years, three annual payments for 6 years, &c. The importance of Life Insurance as a means of securing the support of the family after the death of the father, cannot be overestimated.

E. C. We do not know the authors of the "Fountain of Tears," and "The City of the Dead."

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Rich music—a million air.

☞ A foreign *climb*—ascending the Alps.

☞ The Siamese twins have fifteen children.

☞ Navigation on the large lakes has been resumed.

☞ The man most looked up to—The man in the moon.

☞ An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

☞ Philadelphia has 459 churches, and is about to build another to make the number even.

☞ An American ship, with a cargo of ivory and aloes from Muscat, Arabia, recently arrived at Boston.

☞ Josh Billings says:—"Rats originally came from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they had originally staid there."

☞ Thieves are becoming so bold and reckless in Lancaster, Pa., that they even steal chickens from the county prison yard.

☞ Seventeen poets, nine romancists, five historians, three *savants*, and six members of the French Academy, occupy seats in the National Assembly of France.

☞ A New York bank has just paid a penalty of one hundred thousand dollars for not making a return of the dividends as the government requires.

☞ A box of dress samples sent to a New Orleans merchant was met at the depot by an undertaker, and buried for the corpse of a man he was expecting by the same train.

☞ There is not a single zoological garden in the United States, though in Europe almost every city, even of third-rate importance, has them.

☞ Less snow fell at Hinsdale, N. H., during the past winter than for any previous winter since 1850. The amount was 32 inches.

☞ Amherst has raised the salaries of its faculty fifteen per cent., the president now receiving $3,300, and the professors $2,500 each.

☞ James Rogers, of Boston, with the weight of 104 years upon him, and the reputation of the oldest man in Boston to maintain, has applied for an 1812 pension.

☞ Count Von Bismark has been elevated to the rank of Prince of the German Empire, and General Von Moltke has been presented with the Grand Cross of the order of the Iron Cross.

☞ The best lead pencils are made from a natural ore of plumbago obtained from Borrondale, in Cumberland; but the more common sort, from an artificial compound of plumbago dust and antimony.

☞ The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned with the note appended, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

☞ A poor and aged woman in Cincinnati has been made happy by the discovery that what she deemed an old and valueless breastpin, presented by her father years ago, has ten diamonds, each worth more than two hundred dollars.

☞ The following notice was fixed to a church door in Hertfordshire:—"This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish clerk."

☞ The New York Battery is resuming its former beauty. Three thousand trees, transplanted from the overcrowded portions of Central Park, have been added to the improvements, which include flower beds, fountains and bird houses.

☞ Mr. Conrad Poppenheisen, the wealthy Long Islander, who, two years ago, erected a free educational institute at College Point, Long Island, finding that the institute was running in debt, gave to the trustees a second donation of $100,000.

☞ A Connecticut hotel-keeper has over the water-trough, opposite his hotel, a huge sign, with the following inscription:—

"Stop your horse and let him drink
Before you further go;
The water is better here, I think,
Than 'tis a mile below."

☞ The Queen of Denmark, who is noted for her economical and simple habits, excited the other day no little attention by driving in a plain calico dress in an open barouche through the streets of Copenhagen. The queen is by far more popular in Denmark than her royal husband.

☞ "James," said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?" If the young lady didn't find *that* out during courtship, she deserves a smoking husband.

☞ The Richmond and Louisville Medical Journal states that the oldest practising physician in America is Dr. Theophilus Clark, of Tinmouth, Vt. He is ninety-eight years of age, has been practising continuously sixty-six years, is hale and hearty, and has no thought of giving up business yet.

☞ Dingler's Journal records a case of the spontaneous combustion of black silk occurring in a silk store in Paris, France, which took place in a package of black silk goods brought from the dye-house only 24 hours before the fire occurred. Other instances of spontaneous combustion of black silk have been recorded.

☞ A dodge, reported now, is now being tried by sharpers on the railroad. It is said that these fellows wear caps with a band on them resembling those worn by conductors, and on which the word "conductor" is stamped. Over the band is a short piece, which they draw back, and which exposes the title when they want to operate on their victims.

☞ De Witt C. Lockwood, of Derby, Conn., had a narrow and singular escape from drowning at his mill-race recently. He was thrown from a wagon into the current, swept by it under a swing gate, through a covered way about a hundred feet, then under another swing gate and into the large wheel-house. Catching the moving buckets of the wheel, he was lifted some fifteen feet to a platform, which he grasped and landed safely.

☞ Mr. William B. Astor's dinner service is the handsomest in this country. It was bought by his father, John Jacob Astor, and used by him during his residence in Paris and Switzerland. All the dishes, the plates, the fruit-stands, the *epergnes*, are of solid silver. The dessert plates are of Sevres china, embellished with portraits of the celebrated beauties of the Court of Louis XIV. By the will of Mr. Astor, this dinner service descended to his eldest son, and at the death of its present owner it must go to his son, John Jacob, Jr., and then to the latter's son, and so on to the latest generation.

☞ Portland's losses by fire the past year were nearly $77,000, the loss in excess of insurance being only about $10,000.

☞ The Legislature of Maine having changed the measure of milk from wine to beer measure, the Kennebec Journal says that the milkmen will have to get their quarts enlarged and dig their wells deeper.

☞ Mr. William Call, of Dresden, Maine, hung himself in that town lately. He was about ninety years of age. He had made a previous attempt on his life, alleging afterwards that he didn't want to die of old age.

☞ INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.—For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

Every man who has anything to do requires a reliable timekeeper. A feeling of national pride leads all to prefer an American watch. But local dealers have for several years discouraged their customers from buying them—and for this reason only: *A larger profit could be made on foreign watches, and the frequent repairs such watches required was a steady source of income to the watch-maker.* Waltham watches have year by year grown into favor with all who have worn them; they have proved not only reliable but economical, as repairs are seldom needed. They, like other standard articles, are sold at moderate prices, which afford the retailer but a small profit compared with that which can be made on other watches. But they require no urging. They sell themselves. Hence, wide-awake dealers make this up by keeping a full stock and selling a larger number. Many dealers now divert their customers from the Waltham to other inferior watches, and, by disparaging the Waltham and recommending these comparatively unknown watches, they sell them for a higher price, and thus secure a larger profit. We understand that Waltham watches are furnished to the retailer at prices which will enable him to sell them cheap and yet make a fair profit. Therefore, all intending to purchase, and who prefer an American watch, should insist on having their preferences respected.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—200 bbls City Mills family at $7,30; 200 bbls City Mills family at $8, and 7000 bbls in lots, at prices ranging from $5,25@5,75 for superfine; 10@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7,50 for Northwest extra family, $6,50@7 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,62½@5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—4,000 bushels sold at $1,65@1,70 for Indiana red; $1,65@1,70 for Ohio red, and $1,80@1,90 for Penna red; $1,70@1,75 for Western amber, and $1 75@1,85 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1@1,05 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 80@82c for Penna and Delaware yellow, and 78@81c for Western mixed. Oats—sales of 55,000 bus at 67@68c ₩ bus. Barley—400 bus of two rowed New York sold at 85@85c, and 1400 bus four rowed New York at $1 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 1400 bbls mess Pork at $21,50@22, and extra prime at $18; Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15½@16c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 12@12½c, and shoulders at 9½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13@14c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8@8½c. Lard—Sales of 250 bbls and tierces at 12½@13c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@15c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 17@18c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 15@16½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 900 bales Middlings at 15@15½c for Uplands, and 15½@15¾c for New Orleans.

BARK—70 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and punish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@32½c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples, and 12@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $6@7 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,20; mixed do. $1@1,05; straw, $1,15@1,20.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 1500 tons of No 1 Lehigh crane at $25 ₩ ton; No 2 at $23@24; and Grey Forge at $21 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33@34 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—600 bus sold, in lots, at 9½@10c ₩ lb. Timothy at $6,50. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1830 head. The prices realized from 4½@9½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 to $11,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

Dr. Radway's Celebrated Remedies.

It is well understood by intelligent people everywhere, although it does not seem to be always appreciated in medical practice, that a single, simple cause, as for instance, a severe cold, frequently gives rise to a complication of serious diseases, not at all alike in their nature or effects upon the system. This variety of disease involves a corresponding variety of treatment, one practitioner not seldom differing altogether from an other even of the same school in his diagnosis and methods of cure, and many failing to relieve the difficulty at last from inattention to, or ignorance of, the original basis of the complaint. It was long since argued by Dr. Radway that some direct remedy applied to an extirpation of the producing cause would, in nine cases out of ten, cure the subsequent developments of disease, however varied, by one and the same course of treatment. The correctness of this theory is fully demonstrated in the remarkable success of his Ready Relief, one the greatest triumphs of modern medicine in the alleviation of pain or inflammation attending acute affections of the lungs, cholera morbus, toothache, diptheria, rheumatism, neuralgia, and many other diseases. For the cure of difficulties arising from a vitiated state of the blood, and frequently hereditary and difficult to treat, his Sarsaparillian Resolvent has been admitted by the medical faculty to be marvellously effective, and is highly valued in their practice. Similar commendation is due also to his Regulating Pills, which are entirely vegetable and harmless in their effects, yet almost an unfailing remedy of that class of diseases arising from derangements of the digestive organs. All these medicines, that have justly constituted Dr. Radway one of the benefactors of his age, may be had of druggists and dealers generally throughout the country, or by the trade at his headquarters, 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Machine in use for ten years, and it has not cost anything for repairs. For the last five years it has been constantly employed in dressmaking. I can recommend it above all others."

Mrs. MARY E. BEATTY,
57 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia.

No More Mercury for Me.

"Put them in the fire, my dear," was the advice of Mrs. Macarthy to her son, a bilious and dyspeptic youth who had just brought home *another* box of blue pills. "But what *am* I to take, then, mother?" said he. "Get a bottle of PLANTATION BITTERS," she replied; "I'll guarantee it does you good." He did so; and then another, and another. With the third bottle all his unpleasant symptoms vanished. In a letter to a young friend he relates this anecdote; and winds up with "No more mercury for me!"

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES. SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Bear in Mind.

When disease has undermined the health, and the physical system has become prostrated, a stimulant that will not only strengthen, but remove the cause, should be immediately resorted to. Mental distress is also a fruitful source of the breaking down of the constitution, and the ravages of this enemy to health are truly alarming. For all such maladies HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have been found unsurpassed. By acting directly upon the digestive organs, they remove the heavy, disagreeable feeling after eating, so often complained of by persons of a delicate temperament. As soon as digestion is restored, the patient finds his strength increasing, and his general health improved.

Thousands of persons certify that it may be relied on in all cases of weakness or nervous debility attendant upon sedentary habits. The generality of Bitters are so disagreeable to the taste that they are objectionable to a weak stomach. This is not the case with Hostetter's Bitters, which will be found mild and extremely pleasant. Balsamic plants, barks and roots contribute their restorative juices to render it soothing and strengthening. Its basis is the only pure stimulant which has ever been produced, containing no *fusil oil*, or any other deleterious element. The most careful and skilful chemists have analyzed the Bitters, and pronounced them harmless. This is scientific testimony; but the testimony of the hundreds of thousands who have experienced the preventive and curative effects of the GREAT VEGETABLE TONIC and ALTERATIVE of modern times is still more conclusive. In Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Complaints, Chronic Complaints and general debility it is as nearly infallible as anything in this fallible world can be. ap-3t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.* nov26-6m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Codville, Mr. LOUIS P. LOBER to Miss MARY A. FARRELL, all of this city.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE ANDREAS to Miss SARAH ENGARD, both of this city.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. J. Todd, SAMUEL D. CRAIG to Miss HARRIET N. CARR, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. G. Crom, CHARLES BROOKS to HARRIET D. HELLER, both of this city.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. B. J. Hollock, Mr. EDWARD TAYLOR, to Miss PHOEBE ANN TOMS, all of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. J. R. Smith, Mr. PETER W. GLASS, to Miss AMANDA C. NICHOLS, all of this city.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ARMITAGE BREARLEY to Miss HARRIET F. HOGEBOOM, all of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of March, Mr. JAMES SLACK, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 21st of March, Dr. ARTHUR J. ELLIOTT, in the 26th year of his age.

On the 23d of March, ISAAC B. GARRIGUES, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 23d of March, COULTER RUSSELL, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 22d of March, DANIEL EGAN, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 23d of March, JOHN STURGIS, Sr., in the 78th year of his age.

On the 24th of March, JOHN PATTERSON, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 23d of March, Mrs. CATHARINE TURNER, aged 64 years.

On the 22d of March, SOPHIE LOEBENTHAL, in the 62th year of her age.

On the 23d of March, Mrs. ELIZABETH CORLIS, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 23d of March, MARY SMART, in the 57th year of her age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Roxy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

Cinnamon.

Cinnamon is the bark of a member of the laurel tribe, the *laurus cinnamomum* of Linnæus. Like most of the spices, cinnamon comes from Islands of the Indian Ocean; Ceylon and Java being especially celebrated for its culture. Cinnamon, in Hebrew *kinman*, is mentioned in the Old Testament; the Hebrews having most probably obtained it from the Arabians, who at an early period had commercial dealings with India. The bark-peelers only strip young branches of the cinnamon-tree. Shoots or branches much less than half an inch or more than two or three inches in diameter are not peeled. The operation is conducted by making two opposite longitudinal incisions along the bark, or if the branch be large, even more; then a knife-blade being thrust underneath the bark, the latter peels away. The bark is next set aside for twenty-four hours, when it is scraped on both sides. After a few hours, the smaller quills are inserted within the larger ones, and the whole collection sun-dried.

Unaccountable.

Will any one account to me for a phenomenon of daily, I may almost say hourly, occurrence—viz., the manner in which inanimate objects get themselves out of the way the moment there is a demand for their services? This applies to everything. If I am going from home for a few days, my clothes all seem to be aware of the intention, and hide themselves in places where they never were before; my papers—usually most regular in arrangement—of a sudden become topsy-turvy; a Love-ditty gets into an Essay on chemistry, and a Christmas tale into the British Constitution. For the faculty of jumbling themselves together in inextricable confusion, however, on these occasions, and at the shortest moment, commend me to the keys!—they beat all. The scissors you have just laid down may indeed be found in a book you have not opened for months; the razor you shaved with this morning in a drawer locked up last summer; and your gloves and card case have seized the opportunity of getting into the deepest corner of a portmanteau you don't intend opening till your journey's end days hence. But all these are nothing to the keys; there they are, a bunch stuck together in a manner that defies all attempts at extrication.

Why, again, do two left hand gloves always find their way into the pocket of my evening coat, and in the effort to accommodate myself to circumstances, cause me to appear as though I had paralysis in the right? But I should like to know why an individual—be it man or woman—with whom for ages I may not have corresponded, invariably is seized with a fit of writing to me at the same moment as I break silence to him or her, our two letters crossing each other with an exactness no pains could insure?—*English Writer.*

The Value of Pure Air.

The reports of the Registrar-General of England disclose some very startling facts in reference to the slow influences of different states of air in affecting length of life. If any one were to select from among the different occupations the healthiest men of a nation, he would probably choose the farmers and the butchers. Both are usually stout in frame and ruddy in complexion. Both are actively employed, have plenty of exercise and abundance of food. In one point their circumstances widely differ. The farmer breathes the pure air of the country; the butcher inhales the atmosphere of the shambles and the slaughter-house, tainted with putrefying animal effluvia. The result is an instructive lesson as to the value of pure air. These two classes, indeed, occupy nearly the extremes of the table of mortality. The farmer is the healthiest man on the list, while there is but one worse off than the butcher—the innkeeper. Any one who knows how large a proportion of taverns are mere grog-shops, reeking with impurities and environed in filth, will not be surprised that the mortality among this class ascends to 28.34 in the thousand.

☞ A beet sugar factory company at Blackhawk, near Madison, Wis., raised last year one hundred and sixty acres of beets, with an average yield of ten tons per acre; and is now running through about one ton of beets per hour, night and day.

PITILESS FATE.

BY ALICE CARY.

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream was a bridge so slender,
And over the white there was scarlet light,
And over the scarlet a golden splendor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge,
Where the bees made honey and corn was growing,
And down that way through the gold and gray,
A gay young man in a boat was rowing.

I could see from the shore that a rose he wore,
Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the rarest,
And singing a song, and rowing along,
I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at morn
Made combs of honey—with breathing bated,
I saw by the stream (it was only a dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.

There were fair green leaves in her silken sleeves,
And loose her locks in the winds were blowing,
And she kissed to land with her milk-white hand
The gay young man in the boat a-rowing.

And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast her,
And "Haste!" she cried, with her arms so wide,
"Haste! sweetheart, haste!" but the boat was past her.

And the gray so cold ran over the gold,
And sighed with only the winds to hear her—
"He loves me still, and he rowed with a will,
But pitiless fate, not he, was steerer!"

And there till the morn blushed over the corn,
And over the bees in their sweet combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched through and through,
She watched and waited her false love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a feather—
It was only a dream, the bridge and the stream,
And lady, and lover, and altogether.

Country and City Life.

BY REV. C. H. BRIGHAM.

It is the dream of country girls that they shall live in the city when they are married; if they cannot have the fortune of Cinderella, and a house on the avenue, they shall at least have a house in the suburb, where they can see the glory of the city, and feel that it belongs to them. Very few there are who go back to the farm, even after the experiment of urban life has failed; they will try this experiment again and again, before they will become slaves of the soil. We accept the poetry of pastoral life, the eclogues and the georgics, but the prose of city life wins in the contest. The real pride of the nation is not in its wheat-fields and its potato-fields, not in its barns and pastures, but in the marvellous growth of its great cities. "Come and see Chicago, the eighth wonder of the world," is the invitation which the West holds up to the wondering foreigner. Every year that sentiment which has ruined France, centering everything in Paris, is gaining ground in this republican land; and we mark our prosperity more and more by the growth of our cities. The consolation for neglected fields in Vermont and New Hampshire is that more streets are opened on Manhattan Island, and that more blocks of brick and iron are built on these streets. Even the emigrants who come from the bogs of Ireland find the cities more convenient than the rich pastures, which wait for their spades. They stay in filthy tenement houses rather than go apart upon the fertile, but lonely prairie.

This lamentable tendency, nevertheless, has its excuse and its reason, like all tendencies. City life has advantages which can not be disputed, and which plead powerfully with a practical people. Gas for light, and water on all the floors of the house, are real conveniences. Shops close at hand, the butcher, the baker, the carpenter, the grocer, the tailor, and the upholsterer within easy call, add a great deal to the comfort of life. In a city, one can buy everything on any day, and can gratify any wish. There is variety of choice; the newest things are there, the latest fashions. One has not to wait until the fashion has changed to learn what it really is. In the city you can get everything that you want, and when you want it. And you can ride so cheaply, and in a good, roomy, comfortable horse-car, so safe, so easy to get into and out of, and with no trouble or responsibility of horse or carriage! In a city, too, you have so many neighbors, a dozen families within call from your window; no need to be lonesome there. And then, too, how many spectacles there are in the city that the country never can show, spectacles in the streets, spectacles in halls, spectacles in the theatres, military processions, with long ranks of valiant warriors, Masonic processions, with their white aprons so clean, and their mystic emblems; Fenians and Trades Unions, and gorgeous funerals, so delightful in that long string of black coaches, and in the great nodding plumes of the hearse! Think of these delights, with all the other luxuries and amusements, the hand-organs, and the brass bands, and the picture stores, and the jewelry stores, and the fairy dry good stores, and the galleries, and the public libraries, and the grand celebrations! How shall the country ever offset by its attractions these luxuries and comforts, which are perennial, and real all the year round? Of what use to deny the superior convenience of a life in the city, where every want is so readily met. If you wish excitement, you can have it at any time by walking a square or two, and if you wish privacy, you can keep it by shutting your door. How pleasant, too, to know that there is always a policeman within call, that the schoolhouse is not far off, and that you have part in something that is really great, where things are done on a large scale! These advantages of city life are very palpable, and make their inevitable appeal. It is difficult for one who has enjoyed them for years to understand how others can live without them, or how they can be dispensed with. When we go into the country, to live on our estate, we must take a considerable part of these luxuries with us, else our dream of happiness will be rudely falsified.

Yet against this array of conveniences in city life, it is quite possible to bring an array of annoyances and dangers equally positive and unquestionable. Noise, noise, from morning till night, and in the night, too, is the inevitable plague of city life. The wheels will rattle upon the pavements, the trampers and newsboys and milkmen will scream in the streets, there will be ringing of bells, and firing of guns, and the constant mingling of innumerable discords. The music of hand-organs will cease to be luxury, and become exasperation in its endless grindings. Dirt, in the form of mud or the form of dust, is another fatal contingent of city life, which all the skill of the sweepers can not remove. In half the cities of the land, where there are steamboats at the piers, or factories in the streets, smoke will load the air, and leave its grime on the staircase and the table. The narrow streets hinder light, and not a few will be compelled to sit in darkness even in the luxurious "surroundings." The convenient horse-cars, in which riding is so cheap, may be crowded, and become a snare in the help they give to pickpockets; and alas for him who trusts them when the snow has fallen heavily! The water-pipes, so "handy," may freeze, and leave the house forlorn, when their service is most important. That other houses are so near makes fire all the more dangerous; and who can tell what pestilence is in the chambers across the way, and what contagion may come in this close neighborhood? Have not the streets their dangers, in the tangle of carts, and carriages, and cars, or the rush and fury of crowds and mobs? Who shall feel safe in the city when burglars are breaking locks, and trying windows, and hiding in closets? If the spectacles are abundant, are not the saloons more so, saloons for gambling, drinking, and other iniquities? Are not the city doors besieged by beggars, and tramps, with their lying stories, and their ready fingers so quick to pilfer? Think of the artificial wants which this rivalry of city life creates, and the fearful expense which it requires. Think of the taxes, an ever-increasing burden! If there are such numerous churches within convenient distance, and such fine liberty of choice, consider the cost of any one of these, and what contributions they call for. Salvation in the cities in any form is an expensive luxury. Surely, with all these drawbacks, and how many more that might be mentioned, the conveniences of city life are fairly balanced, and it ought not to seem so attractive. The heartlessness, the frivolity, the dissipation, the risks, and the plagues of city life must be taken into the account, when we magnify its comforts, and think of its dignity. If the aggregate is so grand, the units are the more insignificant, and the details are repulsive.

But country life has also its tale of miseries which match, as the practical men will say, the miseries of city life. It has the fatal bane of *dullness* to condemn it. The epithet stupid seems to describe it concisely and exactly. It is monotonous, has no variety, no excitement, no freshness. The scenes are the same all the time, and the days are all alike. One is likely to "rust out," who lives in the country, and "rue" and "rust" go together, by more than euphony. The city may be a "sink of iniquity," but then it is lively. So at least the young will reason, and not a few who are demure and pious, too. Country life, too, is lonely, and the penalty which is paid for broad landscape is the loss of human society. Trees, and cows, and sheep, excellent as they are, are not full substitutes for friendly men and women. Many of those who are condemned to the solitude of the farm-house, while husbands and sons are off at labor, envy the delight of those city dames whose friends can "run in at any moment." The cares of country life, too, seem petty, and there is no motive to exertion. What use in wearing handsome dresses, if no one comes to see and admire them? Then, too, the storms in the country; wind howling around the house, snow-drifts piled in the roads, the generous mud, the choking dust of dry weather, the insects, flies, beetles, and singing mosquitoes, which swarm in their season; let one who fancies country life try it in fly-time, or when the mercury is below zero, and the well and wood-pile are outside of the house. And what hard work to keep anything in order; servants unwilling to stay, because there is no church within three miles, and they cannot see company; farm-hands, with sharp appetites and cow-hide boots, stinging into the house an aroma that is not of Araby the blest! No schools, too, within walking distance, and those that are, small, inferior, and poorly provided! Are not these trials of country life very real and vexatious? Is not the enthusiasm for this life only irony, when it is analyzed and tasted?

And yet the lovers of rural life are not going to give up their cause to these grumblers, or allow that the man who goes back to the meadows of his childish sport, and on that spot so dear to memory, "slaps a musquito and brushes a tear," is wrong in his tearful regret. The poets have reason when they sing of the joys of Arcadia in the songs of birds, and the music of brooks and winds. It is an unspeakable privilege which the country residents enjoy, to have plenty of light all day, and plenty of fresh air, to see the sun from his rising to the setting, and to breathe inspirations of oxygen not adulterated with feculent gases and poisons; to smell the new-mown hay in summer, and the resinous pine in winter, as it softens the blast. Green lawns, and fields white to the harvest, are more beautiful to the eye than the best pictures of landscape in the galleries of Schaus and Goupil. And fresh vegetables are good, too; and milk that is a pure secretion, and not mixed with chalk, or the juice of the hydrants. The singing of birds, which we can have in gratuitous concert on every morning for half the year, is worth more, on the whole, than the best performance of Beethoven or Rossini, which must be listened to at a dollar a ticket; and if we can hear the real nightingale we may not feel the loss so much if we fail to hear the "Swedish Nightingale." The quiet of the country may become oppressive, but after all, that quiet is better for the nerves, and the soul, than the perpetual rattling of wheels on the pavement. The blessings of country life are real.

It is hard to decide, in this conflict of pleading, which condition of life is to be preferred. And it is more philosophical to accept the fact that both conditions are necessary, and that both belong to high civilization.—*Herald of Health.*

Meat for the Million.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

In these days of high prices for all the necessaries of life, any effort looking to a return of the plenty and cheapness of old should be hailed with gratitude. Yet, much as cheap food is needed here, we must thank our neighbors across the ocean for the first definite attempt to solve the problem. In France epicures have become sheer *Hippophagi*, and are lauding the virtues of horse meat to the skies. Baron Liebig has come to their rescue with the announcement that horse-flesh is more nourishing than either beef or mutton, and the Parisian must certainly find it palatable, there being in that city seven authorized slaughter houses,* where some twenty tons of horse meat are prepared daily; besides six establishments for the manufacture of horse-sausages.

Yet somehow the Anglo Saxon race have not yet adopted this new article of food. Certain parties in England, it is said, are preparing to supply cheap beef and mutton in quantities sufficient to relieve the civilized world from the pressure of high prices.

Over the prairies of the Plata river, in South America, roam almost countless herds of sheep and cattle, their numbers being roughly computed at twenty-two million head of cattle and thirty-five million of sheep. Of these 12 per cent. are slain annually for their hides, the meat having been until lately almost utterly wasted. In Buenos Ayres they do not think of selling meat by the pound, disposing of it at some nominal price per joint. The ordinary modes of drying and salting beef do not admit of the profitable importation of this meat, much of its nutritious substance being absorbed by the salt, the more so as all South American cattle are lean, and being usually killed after the excitement of a hard chase, the flesh is in the very worst condition for the process of curing.

There have been lately patented three methods for preserving this meat for transportation, some one of which is likely to have a decided effect upon our Northern markets. The first of these, Liebig's Extractum Carnis, brings us the meat without the unnecessary weight of the bone and water contained in ordinary flesh, but something resembling treacle in consistency, and only fit for the making of soup.

The meat is cut to pieces by the teeth of revolving cylinders until it becomes like the pulp prepared for the manufacture of paper. It is next mixed with water and steamed in a vat, the liquid separated from the nutritious fibre, and and the water evaporated until the fluid has assumed a considerable degree of consistency. One pound of this condensed liquid contains the nutriment of 30 lbs. of meat, and is sufficient to make an excellent soup for more than a hundred men.

The second plan is Mr. Morgan's improved salting process. Five hundred thousand lbs. of meat cured by this process were imported to Liverpool during one year, and sold there at four pence per lb. It consists in replacing the blood of the animal with a strong brine. A gutta percha tube is introduced into the main arterial system, through which the brine is forced by the pressure of the fluid in a tank placed over the curing house. This pressure is continued till the brine runs out of the venous system, 18 gallons of brine being necessary to cure a full sized ox. The process does not require more than ten minutes, and perfectly preserves the carcass, as the brine, thus introduced into the circulatory vessels, does not extract the natural juices, but combines with and coagulates them.

The third process is, in many respects, superior to the two preceding, as it preserves the meat in its fresh condition, and renders it capable of preservation for any length of time. It is based on the same principle applied in the canning of fruits, being a simple de-oxygenating process, though in this case the oxygen is replaced by a gas instead of a fluid. Oxygen is the foe of all organic material, and all useful modes of preservation must include the warding off of the assaults of this enemy, or in removing the endangered material beyond its reach. The latter is the only mode by which vegetable or animal substance can be preserved in its natural condition. The process consists in the employment of a gas whose composition is as yet a secret to the patentee. By means of water, all the oxygen is driven from the can containing the meat. It is then closely sealed, with the exception of two small holes, by one of which this unknown gas is introduced, while the water is driven out at the other. The can then being entirely closed, all danger of access of the air is obviated. The meat preserved by this means has been imported into England, and found to be perfectly fresh and sweet.

Another advantage of this last mode over the second is, that none of the bone is exported; and it is probable that the meat can be profitably sold at eight or ten cents per pound. Surely there is in this enterprise the germ of a mode of escape from the present high prices of flesh meats, and we can all safely desire the success of the experiment.

[*This was before the siege. As it proved, it was well for the Parisians to familiarize themselves with such food.—*Ed. Post.*]

India Rubber.

The variety of articles now made from India rubber is truly wonderful, as well as the amount of material consumed annually. There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufactories of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of the gum per year. The business is constantly increasing, yet there seems little danger that the supply of gum will be exhausted. The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons without injury; and the trees stand so close that one can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three tablespoonsful daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eighty wide.

☞ A little girl in West Virginia, busily engaged working a pair of slippers intended for a birthday gift to her father, said to one of her playmates:—"I think you are real lucky, for your papa has got only one leg, and you needn't work but one."

☞ In Delaware county, Indiana, there is said to be a real "woolly horse." He is covered with a coat of wool nearly as heavy as a coarse wooled sheep.

A LESSON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

We bury the flowers out of sight;
The bloom of the Summer days
Has felt the touch of mystic blight,
In the Autumn's golden haze.

We cherish gloomy thoughts, and feel
The dash of wintry rain,
But the seasons turn like a mighty wheel,
And Spring comes up again.

We see from out the homeliest bed
Most beauteous blossoms grow,
Can common earth such color spread,
Such wealth of fragrance throw?

Is there not more meaning in this thought
Than many are apt to feel?
Some rarer solace than beauty brought,
On the wings of this strange ideal?

Should we not pause and look again
Ere we yield our lives to gloom?
The Father has nothing made in vain,
Not even a violet's bloom.

DOCTOR LEONARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

"What is the matter, sonny? what are you crying for?" said a gentleman to a little boy of ten or thereabout, who was weeping bitterly, on the platform of a railway station in a large Western town.

"She has gone and left me behind; oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" he cried, sobbing convulsively.

"Who has left you behind? your mother?" asked the gentleman.

"My step-mother; she told me to wait here for her, and never came back."

"Are you sure she went away? Perhaps she will come back again?

"No, she got into a car, and I saw her looking out the window—but she did not look at me until the train started, and then she nodded her head at me, and smiled a little."

"But why should she leave you? Where were you going?"

"We were going to New York; papa is there—he is a rich merchant, and he sent for us;" said the child, a sob after every word.

"Where did you live?" asked the gentleman.

"We lived in St. Louis—and papa wrote to us and told us to sell our things, and go to him, that he had a house for us; and she sold everything—and we started yesterday."

"But I cannot understand why she should leave you; was she not kind to you?"

"Not very; she did not like me I think; she scolded me, and shut me up in dark closets, and sometimes beat me, when papa was not at home."

"What is your name?" asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Lenny Ware."

"Leonard, I suppose," said the gentleman.

"Ella called me Lenny; papa called me Leonard; *she* called me Len."

"Who is Ella?"

"My little sister, 'baby Ella,' three years old," said the boy, still sobbing.

"Is Ella *her* child?"

"Yes, sir; she is only my half-sister—but I loved her, and she loved me."

"Well, my poor boy, it is useless to stay here; suppose you come home with me, get your supper, and remain the night. I will write to New York for information of your father—and perhaps we can find him. Come;" and so saying, he took his hand and led him away, his grief somewhat abated, and his sobs becoming less and less violent.

They walked several blocks, when they arrived before a stately house, in a handsome street; the gentleman opened the door with a key, and they stepped into a warm and well-lighted hall, and thence into a cheerful room, with a bright fire glowing in the grate, a shaded light dropping from the chandelier, a soft, warm carpet, bright curtains, pictures, books—everything that could indicate a comfortable, well-appointed home.

Here, laying aside overcoats and hats, the gentleman and his forlorn little guest proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible.

In a few moments a servant appeared and announced supper; and they proceeded to a dining-room as cheerful and comfortable as the room they had just left.

Leonard looked around for the other members of the family, but no one appeared except a stout, old lady, who took her place opposite the gentleman, and whom he addressed as Mrs. Mace. Seeming to comprehend the look of inquiry in the boy's face, the gentleman said—

"Leonard, I am a bachelor, if you know what that is, and have no family but Mrs. Mace, the housekeeper, and the two servants; a lonely life, isn't it, Leonard?"

"It seems pleasant and quiet though," replied the boy, with a timid smile.

The gentleman then explained to Mrs. Mace how and where he had found the boy, and desired her to make him as comfortable as possible, until he could obtain some information of his father.

Exhausted and quite unnerved by his violent emotions, Leonard was little loth to accompany Mrs. Mace to the room she had prepared for him, a bright, cheerful little nail-chamber, opening out of the room occupied by his kind host.

This gentleman, Dr. Ellis, was a bachelor, as he had informed Leonard, a physician in large practice, about forty years of age, alone in the world, not having a relative, that he knew of, living.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, to which Leonard came with a brighter face and more elastic step than had characterized him the night before, Dr. Ellis inquired further as to the occupation of his father, but he could tell him nothing more than that he was a rich merchant in New York, and that his name was James Ware. Repairing to his study, the doctor wrote several letters to friends in New York, requesting them to make inquiries for a merchant of that name, and when found, to inform him of the whereabouts of his son. Then desiring Lenny to make himself as comfortable as he could, and amuse himself in his own way, he left him to commence his round of visits.

Days lengthened into a week, the end of which brought letters from New York, stating that no such name, or merchant, appeared in the New York directory; that search-

ing inquiries among merchants and business men developed the fact that no person of that name was known. Dr. Ellis sat long and thoughtfully, after folding the last letter, and then rising, paced the room a long while.

"Why not?" he said, under his breath.

"I am alone, have no one to inherit my fortune; this poor child is evidently forsaken for some purpose, and if I do not keep him he will be thrown upon the world, a poor, helpless waif; I will do it."

Calling Lenny to him, and placing him between his knees, he looked long and earnestly into the dark, sad eyes that were raised for a moment to his face, and then timidly dropped. The child was handsome, with a delicate, refined beauty that insensibly attracted, and had already won the love of warm-hearted Nora, and rough, but hearty Terence, and even that of stout Mrs. Mace.

"Lenny," said the doctor, after a prolonged contemplation of his little guest, "how should you like to stay with me and be my little son? I can hear nothing of your papa in New York, and as you seem to have no other friends, I think it is the best thing you can do. What *do you* think?"

Lenny's eyes instantly filled with tears, and looking up, he said, with quivering lips, and faltering voice,

"Are you sure, sir, that papa is not in New York? Oh, then I will never see him or baby Ella again!" and he wept almost as bitterly as on the night when the doctor found him.

The doctor permitted him to calm himself before resuming the subject, but when the sobs had subsided into little long-drawn sighs, he gently drew him to his breast, and drying his wet face, said kindly,

"But, Lenny, dear, I can't find your father, and I can't allow you to go out into the world alone; if you can be happy here with me, and will try to think of this as your home, I will adopt you, will educate you and bring you up to *my* own profession; in plain words, make a doctor of you; how should you like that, eh?" smiling and chucking Lenny under the chin.

Lenny smiled and said, "I should like it very much, sir; you are very good and kind, and I think I could be quite happy if I could see papa and baby Ella sometimes," the affectionate little heart full again at the thought of a final separation from the only two persons he had ever loved, or who had ever loved him, for he lost his own mother at his birth.

In a warm, light, well-furnished room, in a handsome house on Walnut street, sat two gentlemen; the elder, about fifty-five, had white hair and moustache, but his face was almost entirely unfurrowed, and his robust frame and erect carriage indicated a man still in his prime. The other was young, twenty-five perhaps, taller than his companion, but more slender, with large, dark, somewhat sad eyes, a well-cut mouth and nose, a broad, white forehead, and an expression of purity and sweetness rarely seen in men.

"Well, Leonard," said the elder, "how did you find your patient?"

"In a comatose condition, but she partially aroused, and was muttering some words to herself in a low tone when I left her. Her daughter says she has been alternating between coma and a low, muttering, delirium for several days past, the former condition predominating."

"Bad symptoms; will probably end in death," said the elder.

"I fear so, and then what will become of her daughter, poor thing? She seems alone and friendless."

At this moment the bell rang violently, and a moment after a servant entered, saying that Dr. Leonard was wanted. He stepped out into the hall, where stood a young girl, fair and gentle-looking, but pale, thin, and wretchedly clad.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "come quickly, mother is raving, and I cannot control her; I was obliged to call in the neighbors, while I came for you, but I must hurry back, for she is wild; *will* you come right away, please?" lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face.

"Yes, my good girl, I will be there directly; go on before, I will follow as soon as I can get ready." She turned and ran down the steps, while he went back to the room he had just left.

"Will you go with me, doctor? I think you will find the case interesting," said he to the elder gentleman.

"If I can be useful I will gladly go," and in a few moments they were ready, and turning down the gas, went out.

A brisk walk of a dozen squares brought them to a wretched street in the vicinity of Seventh and Lombard streets, and entering one of the poorest of the poor tenements in which the neighborhood abounds, and stumbling up a rickety flight of stairs, they found themselves in a small, bare room, lighted by a miserable tallow candle, and the chill slightly moderated by a handful of coals that were trying to burn in a rusty little stove. In one corner lay a woman upon a mass of what seemed to be straw and rags, or rather she *tossed* on this wretched bed, for she was not still a moment, but rolled continually from side to side, throwing her arms wildly about, and shrieking constantly. Her daughter seemed to have been deserted by the neighbors of whom she had spoken, for she was quite alone with the raving woman, and had ceased to make any attempt at controlling her, but sat upon the floor, with her head dropped into her hands, and apparently unconscious of all about her. Dr. Leonard's touch upon her shoulder aroused her, and starting up, she hastened to place something for them to be seated upon; an old chair without a back, and an empty keg, which seemed to have done duty as a table, judging from an empty cup and plate, which the girl hastily removed.

The two doctors drew near the patient, and while the elder held her hands forcibly down, the other placed his finger upon her wrist.

"One hundred and thirty; she can't last long at this rate; how long has she been in this condition?" turning to the girl, who shivered over the wretched fire.

"All the afternoon," she answered.

"With no interval of quiet or consciousness?"

"Not a moment."

The elder doctor had released her hands, and she again flung them wildly above her head as she shrieked, "Forgive me, James, forgive me! Oh, forgive me! I did it for Ella. Oh, Ella, my daughter, forgive me; don't reproach me; it was all for you! All for you! *James*, you *cannot* die until you forgive me! You *shall* not."

"Where is he? How should I know? The train started; I turned my face away; I could not look at him until the last moment; I saw him standing where I left him, smiling up into my face; he did not know that I was deserting him. Oh, God! will I ever be forgiven?" Then suddenly turning upon her side, her eyes fell upon Dr. Leonard's face. With a violent start, she sat upright, put from her face the hair which locks and shrieked, pointing a thin and trembling finger at him, "Who are you? What do you want? Go away! Do you come to haunt me, with your eyes like Leonard's, and James's brow, and *her* mouth? Ha, ha, ha. *Her* child, was he? And there was no love for *my* poor girl! But he died of a broken heart, and I have never known peace since." And she slowly sank back upon her pillow and lay silent.

Dr. Leonard and the elder physician sat silent, one glance only having been exchanged between them. She lay quiet for a longer period than she had done for some hours, and at length the elder rose, took up his hat and said to Dr. Leonard,

"We can do nothing; I will go; do you desire to remain until the end?"

"I will remain; she may awake conscious, as she seems to be sleeping naturally."

"Very well. If you require assistance, send for me. Good evening." And he quietly and sadly left the room.

The patient slept long; the poor fire had burned out, and daylight was struggling through the few panes that were still to the one window. Turning to the girl, who bent over the warm ashes, as if eager to let no whit of their warmth be wasted, he called her to him in a tone even gentler than his usual gentle tones, and putting a bank-note into her hand, he requested her to get coal and food for herself and her mother, also to go to the nearest druggist for some good port wine, expecting that when the patient awoke she would be reduced to great weakness. She still slept, and the sun was trying to send a few piercing beams into the wretched room, when Ella returned with wood, coal, food, and a small bottle of wine. Giving the last into the doctor's hands, she proceeded to build a fire, and soon had a bright blaze crackling and leaping in the wretched little stove. Putting a kettle over the fire with water in it, and bringing from some hidden nook a plate, a cup minus the handle, a fork with one tine left of the pair it had once boasted, and a knife without a handle, she laid them upon the keg, innocent of table-cloth or napkin to conceal its rough and uninviting surface. Leonard's eyes filled with tears as he saw these poor preparations for a meal, which he had been accustomed to take in a cosy, cheerful breakfast-room, with all the appliances that taste could devise or wealth procure.

He was watching her movements, when his attention was attracted by a sudden movement of the patient, and turning, he found her awake, with her eyes fixed upon him. A glance assured him that reason had returned; her look, intent and full of wonder, was also timid and shrinking, and when he met her gaze with his own, so frank and yet so sad, she dropped her eyes, and turned away her head.

Turning to the girl, he asked her for some water and a spoon, and putting some wine into the cup she handed to him, he raised the patient's head, and gave her several spoonfuls of the mixture. Ella had made some tea and toast, and now brought them to the bedside, but the patient motioned her away, feebly shaking her head, as if to intimate that she could not eat. Dr. Leonard took the plate and cup from Ella's hand, and telling her to go and eat her breakfast, he turned to the patient, and told her that she *must* eat, that he insisted upon it, and she must obey him.

Raising her eyes to his face, she said feebly,

"Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am a physician, and live only a few blocks from here; your daughter asked me to come and see you," said Dr. Leonard, as carelessly as he could.

Apparently relieved, she again intimated that she would not or could not eat, but the doctor again told her that she *must*, when she quickly raised her eyes again and asked,

"What is your name?"

"No matter about my name now; you must eat something, and keep very quiet, for you are very ill, and everything depends upon your obedience to my orders."

She reached her hand for the plate, and tremblingly broke off bits of bread, and swallowed a few mouthfuls of tea, but at last, pushing the plate from her, she pointed to the cup that held the wine, and he gave her all that was in it, believing that life could be prolonged but a few more hours, even by its aid.

Again fixing her eyes upon him, she gazed questioningly and appealingly into his face, and turning to her, and taking in his her thin hand, he said,

"I am called Leonard Ellis, but that is not my own name. When I was ten years old, my father, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, went to New York, became a member of a large firm there, and writing to my step-mother (my own mother having died at my birth,) instructed her to sell our house and furniture, and join him there. She sold everything, and started with us, my little step-sister and myself; at a station on the way, my step-mother deserted me. She entered a car, desiring me to remain where she left me until her return. I waited, but she never returned, and in a few moments the train moved off. She looked at me and nodded her head as the car passed me, and then, for the first time, I knew that I was deserted. I cried bitterly of course, and a gentleman seeing me, kindly took me to his home, after hearing my story, and wrote letters to New York inquiring about my father, and giving his name and business. But we never heard anything of him, as the gentlemen to whom he wrote could not, after the most careful inquiries, find any such person in the city. Dr. Ellis, the gentlemen who had taken me to his home, adopted me, brought me up to his own profession, and some years ago we moved to this city. The mystery has never been cleared up, and I know not where my father is, or whether he is living or dead."

He had not looked at her once during his recital, but now he glanced furtively at her face. He was startled by the change there. Her eyes seemed to be set immovably in their sockets, and were fixed upon him with a glare that was fearful. She lay so long thus, that he began to fear that life had fled, and that she would never remove that frightful gaze. But even while he looked the gaze wandered, and seemed to be seeking something. At length it fell upon her daughter, who stood behind Leonard eagerly listening to all he said. The sight of Ella seemed to electrify her mother, and starting up, she beckoned her to her. She came around to the doctor's side, and her mother, laying her hand on her arm, and turning her round until she faced him, cried,

"Does *she* look much like 'baby Ella,' Leonard? 'Twas for *her* I did it, and now look at her! Your father loved you only; he cared nothing for *my* child; I thought, you out of the way, he would learn to love her, and she would be his heiress. Oh God! My punishment is to this, that she for whom I bartered my own soul, for whose advancement and profit I sacrificed my husband's life, is the cruelest sufferer of all!" And cowering down in the bed, she buried her face in the pillow. Ella glanced at Leonard, and in an instant was clasped in his arms. Long she lay and sobbed upon his shoulder; long and tightly he clasped the poor, thin figure, that seemed too frail to sustain the gusts of sobs that shook her.

They were recalled to themselves by the voice of the mother, who had again risen and was speaking.

"Leonard," she said, "let me finish your story where you left off. It was not to New York, but to Philadelphia that we went when I left you standing on the platform. I told you that New York was our destination, foreseeing that those who heard your story would send there for information of your father, and of course he could not be found. I practised a double deception, for I told your father that you were left at Pittsburg in the confusion of a change of cars, and in his inquiries he went no farther west than that city; and although neither time nor money was spared in searching at that point and east of it, I persuaded him that it was useless to look farther west, as you would not be likely to go back. After some time he gave up the search, but he was never the same man after that; he lost interest in his business, neglected it, and when the troubles of '57 came, he was ruined. Soon after, he was taken ill of brain fever, and in his delirium betrayed his suspicion of the part I had had in his son's loss, and died denouncing me. I confessed all to him, and implored his forgiveness, but he was never conscious enough to understand me, and drove me from him with curses. Ella and I have suffered everything that poverty the most abject can inflict; mine will soon be ended; for Ella, would that she too could end it with me."

Leonard with difficulty controlled his voice sufficiently to assure her that for Ella too, suffering from poverty was ended; that his home was hers, and that all that brotherly love could do to shield her from sorrow should be done.

With a weary, but grateful smile, the mother looked once more into his face, and kissing the hand that held hers, turned her face to the wall. Long she lay and still. He held her hand, and suddenly became conscious that it was growing cold. With a quick glance at Ella, he bent over the mother. She was dead.

When the last rites were over, Leonard took Ella to his home, where she soon became as dear to the old doctor as a daughter as Leonard was as a son.

NEVER AGAIN.

There are gains for our losses,
There are balms for our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet,
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere—
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Potatoes and Butter.

An anecdote of one of the founders of Christ's Hospital, London, very fairly illustrates the sort of impulses which govern people in willing their property to public institutions. His name was Hunt, and under his will Christ's Hospital now, we believe, receives an income of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year. He was a city merchant, a bachelor, and lived with his brother. This brother had sons and daughters, who were brought up with the expectation of enjoying their uncle's property at his death. But there's "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and a couple of sharp words at dinner one day between the brothers dissipated all their expectations to the winds. The bachelor had a liking for new potatoes and melted butter, and one day, when the potatoes and the butter-boat happened to come into suggestive contiguity, the epicurean millionnaire stuck his fork into a potato, dipped it into the butter-boat, and swallowed it.

"Excellent!"

"Beastly!" answered the brother.

"Beastly! Do you mean to say that I'm a beast?"

"Yes, I do. The man who can dip a potato into the butter-boat in that way, must be a beast."

The words were quickly spoken. It was not so easy to recall them. You may ridicule a man's opinion, expose the silliness of his crotchets, laugh at his prejudices, and quiz his personal appearance, and he will forgive you. But there is one limit to this personal criticism. A man's tastes at table are above criticism, and an alderman's sacred. Mr. Hunt thought so. He tore up his will at once, cut off his heir with the mythological shilling, and left all his spare cash and estates to Christ's Hospital.

How to Spell.

Often, in writing, a simple word is required, of the orthography of which the writer is not sure. The dictionary may be referred to, but it is not always convenient. An easy mode is to write the word of which you are in doubt on a piece of waste paper, in two or three ways. Nine times in ten, the mode which looks right is right. Spelling, particularly English spelling, is more assisted by the eye than by the memory. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelled differently, yet sounded alike in their second syllables. Yet write them "recieve" and beleive," and the eye shows you the mistake at once.

Another good way to spell common, but difficult words—difficult for the above reason—is to associate them in the mind with appropriate objects. For example we were taught to spell "piece" and to remember the orthography, by associating it with "pie;" thus: *pie*-ce of *pie*. Could anything be easier? We have never since been troubled with *that* word. An ingenious mind can devise many such illustrations.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EXCURSION.

As we have already said, Dona Marianna, although still so young, was gifted with an ardent soul and an energetic character, which the unusual dangers of a border life had, so to speak, unconsciously ripened. In life these select organizations do not know themselves; events alone, exciting their living strength, reveal to them what they are capable of at a given moment, by urging them bravely to endure the attack of malignant fortune, and to contend resolutely with their adversary. When the marquis, forced by the necessities of his unhappy condition, had a frank explanation with his children, and confessed to them into what difficulties he was suddenly thrown, Dona Marianna had listened to him with the most sustained attention. Then, by degrees, a species of revolution took place in her. Stronghand's words reverted to her mind, and she had a vague idea that he could avert the danger that was suspended over her father's head.

On recapitulating all that had occurred to her since her departure from Rosario—the help the hunter had rendered her on various occasions with unexampled devotion—the conversation she had held with him a few days previously, and the promise she had made him—it appeared evident to her that Stronghand, better informed than perhaps the marquis himself was about the machinations of his enemies, held in his hands the means of saving the Moguer family, and parrying the blows which were about to be dealt them in the dark.

Then, full of hope, and confiding in the promises of this man, who had never made his appearance except to prove his devotion to her, her resolution was spontaneously formed, and without informing any one of the project she had conceived, for fear lest an effort might be made to dissuade her, she went to her nurse's rancho, in order to obtain an interview with the hunter by the agency of her foster-brother. Under existing circumstances, the step taken by Dona Marianna was not at all easy, or without dangers. The daughter of the Marquis de Moguer galloping at night along the Indian border, only accompanied by one man—devoted, it is true, but who, in spite of all his courage, would be powerless to defend her against an attack—displayed more than temerity in this action; and however great her bravery was, and the confidence she had in the honesty of the enterprise she was thus blindly undertaking, still she could not refrain from an interval shudder on thinking of her isolated position, and the ease with which she might be surprised, carried off, or even massacred by the revolted Indians. Too proud, however, to allow any of the secret fears that agitated her to be seen, Dona Marianna affected a tranquility and freedom of mind she was far from feeling. She conversed in a low voice with her foster-brother, teasing and scolding him about the difficulty he had made in granting her request, and describing her delight at a ride through such exquisite scenery on so magnificent a night.

Marianno did not think, and consequently did not understand what he supposed was a girl's fancy. Accustomed since childhood to yield to all the wishes of his foster-sister, and obey her as a slave, he had on this occasion done what she desired without trying to account for such an unusual excursion, so happy did he feel at obliging her. At the same time, he felt a lively pleasure at accompanying her, and thus passing a few hours in her company. We must not mistake the feelings that animated the tigrero for Dona Marianna. He loved his foster-sister with his whole soul, and would have gladly died for her; but this feeling, lively as it was, had nothing personal or interested about it; it was merely friendship, but a friendship elevated to the most complete self-denial and the most entire devotion—in a word, to the most sublime degree which this feeling can attain in the human heart. Hence the tigrero, comprehending the responsibility weighing on him, rode on, as is commonly said, with his beard on his shoulder, carefully examining the bushes, listening to the desert sounds, and ready, on the slightest alarm, bravely to defend the girl who had placed herself under his guard. The country they were traversing, though rather varied, was not, however, completely wooded: owing to the transparent brightness of the night, the view extended for a great distance, which removed all fears of a surprise, and gave a certain security to the travellers; still, they at times fancied they saw great shadows moving on the river bank, and flying at their approach. The young lady looked round her curiously, and then asked the tigrero whether they would soon reach the spot where Stronghand was. Marianno pointed out to her a gentle eminence forming a bend of the river, on the top of which the fugitive gleams of an expiring fire could be seen at intervals.

"That is where we are going," he said.

"Then we have only a few minutes' ride, and it is useless to hurry our horses."

"You are mistaken, nina. Not only is the track we are following very winding, and will detain us, but, through an optical illusion easy to be understood, this hill which you fancy so near to us is at least two leagues distant as the crow flies; so that, taking into account the windings, the distance is nearly doubled."

"Can we not cut across country, and thus shorten the distance?"

"Heaven forbid, nina! We should get into trembling prairies, in which we should be swallowed up in a few minutes."

"I trust to you in that case, Marianno; besides, now that, thanks to that fire, I am certain of meeting the hunter, my anxiety is less lively, and I will await patiently."

"Permit me to remark, my dear sister, that I did not say certainly that we should find Stronghand at this bivouac."

"What did you tell me, then?"

"Simply that we might hope to meet him here, because it is the spot where he generally encamps when hunting in these parts."

"Still, as we can perceive the flame of that watch-fire—for that is really a flame, is it not?"

"Certainly; still, we have yet to learn whether this fire has been kindled by Stronghand or some other hunter. This mound is one of the most suitable places of encampment, owing to the height of the hill, which allows the country to be surveyed, and thus avoid a surprise."

"Then probably we shall not find the hunter at the encampment?"

"I do not say that either, nina," Marianno answered, with a laugh.

"But what do you mean?" the young lady said, impatiently patting the pommel of her saddle with her little hand; "you are really unendurable."

"Do not be angry, sister; I may be mistaken. If Stronghand is not here, perhaps we may find a hunter who will tell us where he is."

"Why not an Indian?"

"Because there are no Indians at that camp fire."

"I must really ask this time how you can possibly know that?"

"Very easily, nina; I do not require to be a sorcerer to guess so simple a thing."

"Do you consider it so simple?"

"Certainly; nothing can be more so."

"In that case I will ask you to explain, for it is always worth while to be learning."

"You fancy you are joking, nina; and yet there is always something to be learned in the desert."

"Good, good, Marianne, I know that; but I am waiting for your explanation."

"Listen then. This fire, as I told you, is not an Indian fire."

"That is not exactly what you said to me. Go on, however."

"The Indians, when they come on the white man's border, never light a fire, for fear of revealing their presence; or if compelled to light one in order to cook their food, they are most careful to diminish the flame, in the first place by digging a deep hole in the ground, and next by only using extremely dry wood, which burns without crackling, flaming, or producing smoke, and which they carry with them for long distances, in case they might not find it on their road."

"But, my friend, that fire is scarce visible."

"That is true; but still it is sufficiently so for us to have perceived it a long distance off, and thus discovered the existence of a bivouac at this spot which, under present circumstances, would entail the surprise and consequent death of the imprudent men who lit it, if they were Indians instead of hunters."

"Excellently reasoned, compadre, and like a man accustomed to a desert life!" a rough, though good-humored voice suddenly said, a few yards from them.

The travellers started and pulled up sharply, while anxiously investigating the surrounding thickets. Marianno, however, did not lose his head under these critical circumstances; but with a movement swift as thought raised his rifle, and covered a man who was standing by the side of a thicket, with his hands crossed on the muzzle of a long gun.

"Hola, compadre!" the stranger continued, not at all disturbed by the tigrero's hostile demonstration; "pay attention to what you are about. A thousand fiends! do you know that you run a risk of killing a friend?"

Marianno hesitated for a moment; and then, without raising his rifle, remarked—

"I fancy I recognize that voice."

"By Jove!" the other said, "it would be a fine joke if you did not."

"Wait a minute; are you not Whistler?"

"All right, you remember now;" the Canadian said with a laugh; for the person was really the hunter whom the reader saw for a moment at the village of the Paparos.

The tigrero uncocked his rifle, which he threw over his shoulder, and said to Marianne—"It is a friend."

"Are you quite sure of this man?" she asked in a low, quick voice.

"As of myself."

"Who is he?"

"A Canadian hunter or trapper. He has all the defects of the race, but at the same time all its qualities."

"I will believe you, for his countrymen are generally regarded as honest men. Ask him what he was doing on the skirt of the track."

Marianno obeyed.

"I was attending to my business," Whistler replied with a grin; "and pray what may you be doing, so poorly accompanied at this hour of the night, when the Indians have taken the field?"

"I am travelling, as you see."

"Yes, but every journey has an object, I suppose."

"It has."

"Well, I do not see what end yours can achieve by continuing in that direction."

"Still, we are going to do so till we have found the man we are in search of."

"I will not ask you any questions, although I may perhaps have a right to do so; still, I fancy you would act more wisely in turning back than in obstinately going on."

"I am not able to do so."

"Why not?"

"Because I have not the command of the expedition, and I cannot undertake such a responsibility."

"Ah, who is the chief, then? I only see two persons."

"You seem to forget, senor," Dona Marianna said, joining in the conversation for the first time, "that one of these two persons is a woman."

"Of course she must command," the trapper answered with a courteous bow; "pray excuse me, madam."

"I the more willingly do so, because I hope to obtain from you important information about the object of the journey we have undertaken, perhaps somewhat too carelessly, in these desolate regions."

"I shall be too happy to be agreeable to you, my lady, if it be in my power."

"Permit me, in that case, to ask you a few questions."

"Pray do so."

"I wish to know what the camp is whose watch-fires I perceive a short distance off."

"A hunter's bivouac."

"Only hunters?"

"Yes, they are all white hunters or trappers."

"I thank you, senor. Do you know these men?"

"Very well, considering I am a member of the band."

Dona Marianna hesitated for a moment.

"Forgive me, sir," she continued, "I am in search of a hunter with whom grave reasons force me to desire an immediate interview; perhaps he is among your comrades."

"Do you know him personally, madam?"

"Yes, and am under great obligations to him. He is called Stronghand."

The trapper eagerly walked up to the young lady, and attentively examined her.

"You wish to have an immediate interview with Stronghand?"

"Yes, I repeat, senor, for reasons of the highest importance."

"In case you are Dona Marianna de Moguer."

"What!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "you know my name?"

"That needs not astonish you, madam," he said, with the most exquisite politeness; "I am the intimate friend of Stronghand. Without entering into any details that might justly offend you, my friend told me that you might perchance come and ask for him at our camp fire."

"He knew it, then," she murmured, in a trembling voice; "but how did he learn it?"

Though these words were uttered in a whisper, Whistler heard them.

"He doubtless hoped it would be so, without daring to credit it, madam," he answered.

"Good heavens!" she continued, "what does this mean?"

"That my friend, in his eager desire to be agreeable to you, and foreseeing the chance of your coming during his absence, warned me, in order to spare you a very difficult search, and thus induce you to grant me a little of that confidence you deign to honor him with."

"I thank you, sir. Now that you know me, would it be taxing your courtesy too greatly to ask you to guide my companion and myself to your bivouac?"

"I am at your orders, madam, and believe me that you will receive a proper reception, even though my friend does not happen to be there at the moment."

"What!" she said, suddenly checking her horse, "can he be absent?"

"Yes, but do not let that cause you any anxiety: he will soon return."

"Good heavens!" she murmured, clasping her hands in grief.

"Madam," Whistler again continued, "I understand that the reasons which urged you to undertake such a journey must be of the utmost importance; let me, therefore, go on ahead to the camp, and make all the preparations for your reception."

"But Stronghand, senor?"

"Warned through me, madam, he will be back by daybreak."

"You promise me that, senor."

"On my honor."

"Go, then, and may heaven requite you for the good-will and courtesy you show me."

Whistler bowed respectfully to the young lady, took his rifle under his arm, and soon disappeared in the forest.

"We can now go on without fear," said Marianno; "I know Whistler to be an honest, worthy fellow, and he will do what he has promised."

"Heaven grant I may see the man whom I have come so far to meet."

"You will see him, be assured; moreover, all precautions were taken in the event of your visit."

"Yes," she murmured, pausing; "and it is this which renders me alarmed. Well, I put my trust in the Virgin."

And striking her horse, she went on her way, followed by the tigrero, who could not at all comprehend this remark, after the desire the young lady had evinced to see the hunter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HUNTER'S CAMP.

It was no great distance to the bivouac, and the travellers reached it about half an hour after Whistler. Still, though this period was so short, the worthy Canadian had profited by it to erect for the young lady, who thanked him by a smile, a bower of branches, under which she found a shelter as comfortable as desert life permits. The hunters' camp had a military look, which greatly perplexed Dona Marianna. Strong wooden palisades defended all the approaches; the horses, which were ready saddled, were fastened to pickets; several watch-fires, lighted at regular distances, sufficiently illumined the plain the prevent the approach of an enemy, whether man or beast; and four sentinels, standing rifle in hand on the entrenchments, followed with a vigilant eye the slightest undulations of the lofty pass. Some thirty men, with harsh and irregular features, clothed after the fashion of wood-rangers, in fur caps, cotton shirts, and leather calzoneras, were lying in front of the fires, rifle in hand, in order to be ready for the first alarm.

Orders had probably been given beforehand by Whistler, for the sentinels allowed the two travellers to pass unquestioned through a breach in the entrenchments, which was immediately closed after them again. The Canadian was awaiting them in front of the bower; he helped Dona Marianna to dismount, and the horses were led to join the others and supplied with a copious meal.

"You are welcome among us, senora," he said with a respectful bow; "in this bower, which no one will enter save yourself, there is a bed of skins, on which you can take a few hours' rest while awaiting Stronghand's arrival."

"I thank you, senor, for this graceful attention, by which I cannot profit, however, till you have reiterated your promise."

"Senorita, two horsemen have already set out to fetch Stronghand, but I repeat, that he cannot be here for some hours; now, if you will accept the humble refreshment prepared for you—"

"I only require rest, senor; still I am not the less obliged to you for your offer. With your permission, I will retire."

"You are mistress here, madam."

The young lady smiled, pressed her foster-brother's hand, and entered her rustic retreat. So soon as Dona Marianna had let fall after her the blanket which formed the doorway, the tigrero quietly removed his zarape from his shoulders, and laid it on the ground.

"What is that for, comrade?" Whistler asked, astonished at the performance.

"You see, compadre, I am making my bed."

"Do you mean to sleep there?"

"Why not?"

"As you please; still, you will be cold, that is all."

"Nonsense! a night is soon spent, especially when so far advanced as this one is."

"I trust that you do not doubt us?"

"No, Whistler, no; but Dona Marianna is my foster-sister, and I am bound to watch over her."

"That care concerns me at the moment; so do not be at all alarmed."

"Two sentries are better than one; besides, you know me, do you not? Although I place the utmost confidence in you, I will not surrender the guardianship of my foster-sister to another man; that is my idea, whether right or wrong, and I shall not give it up."

"As you please," the trapper said, with a laugh. And he left him at liberty to make his arrangements as he pleased.

The dwellers on the prairie—no matter if whites, half-breeds, or red-skins, trappers, pirates, or Indians—have one virtue in common, and whose duties they carry out with remarkable punctuality and generosity, and that is hospitality. A traveller surprised by night, and wearied by a long journey, may, if he see a camp-fire in the huts of an Indian village, present himself without fear, and claim hospitality. From that moment he is sacred to the men he applies to, no matter if they be Indians, bravos, hunters, or even pirates. These individuals, who would not have scrupled to assassinate him by the side of a ditch, treat him like a brother, show him the most delicate attentions, and will never make any insulting allusions to the length of his stay among them; on the contrary, he is at liberty to remain as long as he pleases, and when he takes leave his hosts say good-by regretfully. At the same time it is true that, if they meet him a week after in the forest, they will kill him without mercy to raise his hair and take his weapons; but this need only be apprehended with the pirates and some Indian tribes of the far west. As for the hunters, when a stranger has once slept by their side and shared their food, he is forever sacred to them, and these men, although coarse, were honest and loyal in the main; and flattered by the confidence this lovely, innocent girl placed in them, would have gladly defended her with their lives had it been necessary.

Whistler went off with a laugh, and lay down by the side of his comrades. As we have already said, the night was far advanced when Dona Marianna and her travelling companion reached the camp of the hunters; a few hours at the most separated them from sunrise: and the young lady, who at first resolved to spend these hours awake, overcome by fatigue, had yielded to sleep, and enjoyed a calm and refreshing rest. So soon as day began to appear, Dona Marianna repaired as well as she could the disorder produced in her dress by her lengthened journey, rose and went to the door of the hut. The camp was still plunged in the deepest silence: with the exception of the sentries still on the watch, the hunters were fast asleep.

The dawn was just breaking, and striping the horizon with wide vermilion bands; the sharp and rather cold morning breeze rustled softly through the branches; the flowers that enamelled the prairie raised themselves, and expanded their corollas to receive the first sunbeams; the numberless streams, whose silvery waters made their way through the tall grass, murmured over the white and gray pebbles as they bore their tribute to the Rio Bravo del Norte, whose capricious windings could be guessed in the distance, owing to the thick cloud of vapor that constantly rose from it and brooded over its bed. The birds, still hidden beneath the foliage, were timidly preluding their harmonious concert; the glad earth, the bright sky, the serene atmosphere, the pure light—all, in a word, revealed that the day which had now entirely appeared was about to be tranquil and lovely.

The maiden, refreshed by the rest she had enjoyed, felt herself new-born as she breathed the first exhalations of the flowers and the sharp odor which is found in the desert alone. Without venturing to quit the bower, in front of which the tigrero was lying, she surveyed the surrounding landscape, which, thanks to the elevation she stood at, lay expanded at her feet for a long distance. The profound calmness of re-awakening nature, the powerful harmonies of the desert, filled the maiden's heart with a gentle melancholy; she pensively indulged in those thoughts which the great spectacles of nature ever arouse in minds unaffected by human passions. In the meanwhile the sun ascended the horizon, and the last shadows melted away in the dazzling beams propelled by the day-star. Suddenly the girl uttered an exclamation of delight, for she noticed a band of horsemen forcing the stream, and apparently coming in the direction of the hill. At the cry his foster-sister uttered, the tigrero bounded to his feet and stood by her side, rifle in hand, ready to defend her if necessary.

"Good-morning, brother," she said to him.

"Heaven keep you, nina!" he replied, with a shade of anxiety. "Have you slept well?"

"I could not have done so better, Marianno."

"All right then; but why did you utter that cry?"

"I cried out, my friend, and scarce know why."

"Ah, yes—stay; look at those horsemen coming up at full speed."

"Caramba! how they gallop! They will be here within half an hour."

"Do you think that Stronghand is among them?"

"I suppose so, nina."

"And I am sure of it," said Whistler, with a respectful bow to the young lady; "I have recognized him, senorita; so will you allow that I have kept my promise?"

"Most fully, senor; and I know not how to express my thanks for the hearty hospitality you have given me."

"I have no claim to any thanks from you, senorita, as I have only carried out my friend's intention; nina, it is to him alone you should offer thanks, if you consider that you ought to make them."

In the meanwhile the camp was aroused; the hunters were yawning, and turned to their daily avocations; some led their horses to the watering-place, others kindled the fires; some cut the wood requisite to keep them up, while two or three of the older men acted as cooks, and got breakfast ready for the party. The camp changed its appearance in a minute; it lived the nervous, agitated life of the desert, in which each man performs his task with the feverish speed of persons who are aware of the value of time, and do not wish to lose it. The young lady, at first surprised by the cries, laughter, and unaccustomed movement that prevailed around her, began to grow used to it, and eagerly watched the occupations of the men she had beneath her eyes. A sharp challenge of "Who goes there?" suddenly made her raise her head.

"A friend!" a voice she at once recognised answered from without.

Suddenly a band of horsemen entered the camp, at their head being Stronghand. The young man dismounted, and after exchanging a few words with Whistler, he went straight up to the maiden, who was standing motionless in the doorway of the hut, and watching his approach with amazement. In fact, as we have said, Stronghand was not alone; several persons accompanied him, among them being Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza; the rest were confidential Indian servants. When Stronghand came in front of the young lady, he bowed to her respectfully, and then turned to the persons who accompanied him.

"Permit me, senorita," he said to her, "to present to you my mother, Dona Esperanza, and my father; both love you, though they do not know you, and insisted on accompanying me."

The maiden, blushing with joy at this delicate attention on the part of the hunter, who thus placed their interview beneath the safeguard of his father and mother, replied with emotion—"I am delighted, senor, with this kind inspiration of your heart; it augments, were it possible, the confidence I have placed in you, and the gratitude I felt for the eminent services you have rendered me."

Dona Esperanza and the sachem embraced the girl, who, at once ashamed and joyous at the friendship of these persons, whose exterior was at once so imposing and so venerable, knew not how to respond to their caresses and the kindness they evinced to her. In the meanwhile the hunters had raised, with great skill and speed, a tent, under which the four persons were at once protected from the curious glances of the persons who surrounded them. Through that innate feeling of women, which makes them love or detest each other at the first glance, Dona Esperanza and the young lady at once felt attracted to each other by a natural movement of sympathy, and leaving the gentlemen to their occupations, they withdrew on one side, and began an animated and friendly conversation. Dona Marianna, subjugated by Dona Esperanza's seductive manner, and drawn toward her by a feeling of attraction for which she did not attempt to account, as she felt so happy with her, spoke to her open-heartedly; but then she was greatly surprised to see that this lady, whom she was bound to suppose an entire stranger, was perfectly acquainted with all that related to her family, and knew her father's affairs better than she did herself; her amazement increased when Dona Esperanza explained in the fullest details the reasons that occasioned her presence in the hunter's camp, and the precarious position to which the Marquis de Moguer was reduced.

"I could add many more surprising things, my dear girl," Dona Esperanza continued with a smile, "but I do not wish to fatigue you at present; sufficient for you to know that we really take an interest in your family, and that it will not be our fault if your father is not soon freed from all his cares."

"Oh, how good you are, madam!" the young lady exclaimed, warmly; "how can I have merited such lively interest on your part?"

"That must not trouble you at all, my dear girl; the step you have taken to-day to come to your father's assistance, and the confidence you have placed in my son, are for us proofs of the loftiness of your feelings and the purity of your heart. Although we are almost Indians," she added with a smile, "we have white blood enough in our veins to remember what we owe to persons of that race."

The conversation went on thus between the two ladies on a footing of frank friendliness, until the moment when Stronghand came to interrupt it, by stating that breakfast was ready, and that they were only waiting for them to sit down. The tigrero and the Canadian had both been invited to share the meal, but they declined the invitation under the pretext that they did not like to eat with persons so high above them in rank, but in reality, because the worthy wood-rangers preferred breakfasting without ceremony.

Stronghand did not press them, and allowed them to do as they pleased. Dona Marianna bit her lips in order to suppress a smile when the hunter informed her that they were about to sit down to table; for, owing to her recent journey and her life on the Indian border, the young lady was well aware that such meals were extremely simple, and eaten on the grass. Hence her surprise was at its height when, after passing into a separate compartment of the tent, she perceived a table laid with a luxury which would have been justly admired even in Mexico; nothing was wanting, even to massive plate and valuable crystal. The dishes, it is true, were simple, and merely consisted of venison and fruit; but all had a stamp of true grandeur, which it was impossible not to appreciate at the first glance. The contrast offered by this table, so elegantly and comfortably laid, was the greater, because, behind the canvas of the tent, desert life could be seen in all its simplicity.

The young lady seated herself between Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza, Stronghand sat down opposite to her, and two men-servants waited. In spite of the agreeable surprise which the impromptu comfort of this repast, prepared for her alone, caused her, the young lady did not at all display her surprise, but ate heartily and gayly, thus thanking her hosts for the delicate attentions they showed her. When the dainties were placed on the table, and the meal was drawing to a close, Stronghand bowed to Dona Marianna.

"Senorita," he said, with a smile, "before we begin a serious conversation, which might, at this moment, appear to you untimely, be kind enough to permit my mother to tell us one of the charming Indian legends with which she generally enlivens the close of our meals."

Dona Marianna was at first surprised by this proposition, made, without any apparent motive, at the close of a lively conversation; but imagining that the hunter's remarks concealed a serious purpose, and that the legend, under its frivolous aspect, would entail valuable results for her, she answered with her sweetest smile—

"I shall listen with the greatest pleasure to the narrative the senora is about to tell us—because my nurse, who is of Indian origin, was wont to lull me to sleep with these legends, which have left a deep and most agreeable impression on my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ St. Louis lately had a shower of what at first was thought to be sulphur, since it appeared upon the sidewalks as a yellowish-green powder. The people were struck with wonder, gathered the powder, burnt it, and smelled the odor of sulphur. Dr. John Green, however, put it under the microscope and found it to be the pollen of the pine tree, probably blown from the pine forests of the Carolinas, and washed from the atmosphere above St. Louis by a shower of rain.

☞ Clothing which had been worn by small-pox patients was recently burnt in the open street in New York. Doctors agree that no surer method of spreading a pestilence could be adopted. Great indignation followed the discovery of the facts.

☞ Honey, which, twenty-five years ago, formed quite an insignificant article of trade in this country, is rapidly increasing year after year in domestic production; whilst the amount imported is growing smaller.

☞ At a crystal wedding in Portland, a young man named Robert M. Woods, a glass worker, aged sixteen, fell down a flight of stairs backwards, was taken up insensible, and died the next day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the British Parliament the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, previously passed by the House of Commons, lately came up in the House of Lords, and after a long debate was rejected. Lord Penzance argued strongly in its favor.

The San Domingo Commission has returned to Washington and submitted its report.

The eagerness of the daily papers to get out the freshest obituaries of distinguished persons who are presumed to have just died has just been ridiculously exemplified. A report was originated stating that Walt. Whitman, the poet, had been crushed to death on a railroad in New York. Forthwith the biographers of the daily press went to work and prepared obituaries, liberal in length at least, of the supposed deceased. An enterprising N. Y. daily furnished two or three columns. All the while Mr. Whitman was quietly living in Washington, and authorizes his friends to say that he is not dead. He has the pleasure of reading his own obituaries, and no doubt finds it very amusing.

The daily weather reports made from Washington, and the "probabilities" for the following day, are attracting great attention. Several good guesses have been made, and people rather like to know what may be expected in the way of wind and weather. The reports are transmitted at midnight, or thereabouts, by telegraph over the entire country, and appear in the morning papers.

The subscriptions to the new five per cent. Government Loan have amounted thus far to about fifty millions of dollars.

A bill authorizing a tunnel in New York city from the Battery to Harlem river has passed both branches of the State Legislature and awaits the Governor's signature. The necessity of some means of rapid transit from the lower to the upper part of the city is admitted by all, and the plan proposed in this bill appears to be the best at present possible.

The *N. Y. World* says, "It is now quite usual for trades people to reject torn currency even when ever so little mutilated, but they furnish it rapidly in change." If the former is the case, where do they get the torn currency to return?

The graduates of the Woman's Medical College, N. Y., at the recent Annual Commencement, were only three in number, all misses.

Mr. Mundella, M. P., who visited this country some months ago, has been appointed Secretary of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone's administration. He won much favor from the people of the United States while travelling here.

Despatches from Africa state that the Arab chief Sidi Mokrani has declared war against France, and is marching toward Algiers with forty thousand troops.

The Government of Holland has been considering the question of the liability of private property to capture at sea during time of war. The American principle that such property belonging to subjects of a belligerent should be exempt from seizure, the same as on land, is regarded with favor by the Dutch Cabinet.

Instructions have been issued from the Home Department for the simultaneous taking of the census of England and Wales on the second of the present month. The arrangements for doing the work are very complete.

The tea trade in Chicago is increasing.

The Star Course of Lectures, one of the best ever given in Philadelphia, has just concluded.

A large number of the most wealthy and eminent citizens of New York have organized an "Anti-Income Tax Association," having for its object the repeal of this unpopular law. They have issued an address to the people of the state inviting co-operation, and stating their reasons for their opposition to the obnoxious levy.

Resolutions for the admission of British Columbia into the Dominion, are pending in the Canadian House of Commons. The scheme is a vast one, but meets with popular favor among the Canadians.

The question of lay representation is to be referred for final decision to the Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church for the present year.

Queen Louise of Sweden died in Stockholm, March 30th.

The town of Truckee, Cal., has been almost entirely destroyed by fire, one hundred and twenty houses being consumed.

A Remarkable Rat.

We often hear stories related of the wonderful cunning and knowledge of the rat; but one is told, says the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Journal, of a recent occurrence, in which a real old gray rat was the hero, and the incident whereof took place in that city, which is equal to the best. A lady who has a number of fine hens, to which she has devoted a good deal of care and attention during the winter, in hopes to obtain an early and fair crop of fresh eggs, was surprised at the meagre result actually reached. The hens made noise, in singing and cackling, enough for every-day layers, and yet only occasionally did she get an egg.

The lady at length determined to watch operations and ascertain, if possible, the cause of failure. She saw the hens go upon the nest, but if she was not present when they came off no egg was found. At length constant watching and waiting solved the mystery. A day or two since, while on the watch, a hen came off the nest and commenced cackling. Almost instantly an old rat came out of a hole, and running into a barrel, which was thrown down upon its side, and in which the hen's nest was, at once nosed the egg out upon the ground, then laid down upon its back, and, getting the egg between its fore-paws and nose, commenced squealing, when two other rats came out, and taking the rat with the egg by the hind legs, dragged it—egg and all—into the hole. The lady affirms that she can substantiate the foregoing fact by at least three living witnesses. If any one can tell a more remarkable rat story than this we would like to hear it.

☞ A letter was received at the Treasury Department recently from a banker at Baden-Baden, inclosing a bill of exchange on New York for $5,000 gold, with a statement that it is from a former citizen of the United States who desires to make anonymous restitution to the United States Treasury.

The Professor on Bret Harte-ism.

A bright, cheery library-room. Walls lined with book-shelves. Not a foot of space for a picture anywhere, except over the mantel, where is a photograph of Roman ruins. A bright fire of cannel coal blazing in the grate. A huge library table with extended leaves cluttered all over with books, papers, and pamphlets in charming confusion. Three or four easy chairs, newspapers in one, a pile of pamphlets in a second, the Professor himself in a third, toasting his slippered feet before the fire, and brilliant in his bright figured dressing gown. This is the Professor's *sanctum* as it presents itself to my eye on entering this stormy evening for my accustomed conversation about the literature of the week. For the Professor is exceedingly fond of books. They are his meat and drink; almost his wife and children. He is an omnivorous devourer of literature, and what is more, digests what he devours; and I count it no small privilege to be able to spend, as I usually do, an evening a week in his fellowship, getting his best thoughts on the best books of the hour.

"What have you there, Professor?" I say to him, as soon as our greetings are over and I am established in my corner.

He hands me a thin duodecimo, and I read the title, "*Poems* by Bret Harte. James R. Osgood & Co."

"And what do you think of Bret Harte?" said I.

"Bret Harte," replied the Professor, "is a very fair though not an extraordinary great poet. There is a good deal of real merit in his verses; but Bret Harte-ism is simply abominable."

"What do you mean by Bret Harte-ism?"

"This new literature that endeavors to make slang respectable by giving it poetic expression, that endeavors to redeem profanity from the curse of God and the abhorrence of all good men, by putting it in the mouths of heroes, and that canonizes ripping, tearing, cursing saints whom you and I would not admit into our parlors."

"You speak warmly, Professor," said I.

"I feel warmly," said the Professor. "For every new step in this direction is a new degradation of American literature. And yet few seem to feel it, or at least to protest against it. Have you read Jim Bludsoe?" he continued. "A profane, whiskey-drinking, rough-and-tumble engineer, a lecherous rascal, with two or three wives at different points on the river, a man ready for a fight at any hour on the slightest provocation, or on none at all, a man painted, I verily believe, a deal blacker than ordinary reality would justify, is canonized, and sent straight to heaven, because when his boat catches fire, he does not add cowardice to all his other vices, and desert his engine."

"But you must admit, Professor," said I, "that his heroism is commendable."

"Unquestionably," replied the Professor. "So Peckniff is to be commended for not swearing, and Aminadab Sleek for not getting drunk. But is is an old proverb that 'one swallow does not make a summer;' and one virtue does not make a saint. And I enter my protest, or would if it were any use, against this scandalous literature, worse than any of that of the Greeks; for they deified real heroes, and we are deifying vulgar shams."

"Is Bret Harte the author of Jim Bludsoe?" I asked.

"No," said the Professor. "And Bret Harte is not responsible for Bret Harte-ism, except as every man is held responsible for his following. He is no more responsible for Bret Harte-ism than John Calvin is for a good deal of mis-called Calvinism.

"In fact," concluded the Professor, "he has written some very charming verses, and proved his capability of something far better than the slang which has run the circuit of the papers over his name. I prophesy that in twelve months the 'poems in dialect' will fall into the well-merited oblivion which has already overtaken Hans Breitmann. I hope for his other poems a more permanent life."
—*Christian Weekly.*

False Hair.

According to an English paper the wearing of false hair is no new fashion. There is a wig in the British Museum the date of which, we believe, has never been fixed, and which might have been worn by Joseph's Pharaoh; it is certainly handsome enough to adorn any potentate. The Roman empresses, whose busts abound in all galleries of sculpture, can never have had their marvellous coiffures built up without additions to the natural material. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every European gentleman who respected himself wore the most voluminous wig he could buy; nay, only sixty or seventy years ago our forefathers adopted one as soon as they began to grow gray or bald, and their wives at the same period of life donned the brown horror of the "front," which many of us can remember. Is false hair more dangerous at the back of the head than on the forehead? or is it the mere name chignon which evokes the present terror? As long as hair is regarded as an ornament, and as long as the infirmities of nature decy it to many, false tresses will be more or less employed.

FRANCE.—The Red Republicans have for some time had possession of Paris. Confusion and uncertainty prevail. An attempt to regain control of the capital, it is thought, will be made by the Versailles Government. Marseilles refuses to join in the movements of the Paris revolutionists. The Germans are evacuating France, but with irregularity—there still being many of their troops in the country.

☞ A case of small-pox appeared among the students of Princeton College, N. J., and as the end of the college term was near the faculty decided to dismiss the classes at once.

☞ Of one hundred men who are born, fifty die before the tenth year, twenty between the tenth and twentieth, ten between the twentieth and thirtieth, six between the thirtieth and fortieth, five between the fortieth and sixtieth; therefore, six only live to above the age of sixty.

☞ IMMENSE LOSS OF CATTLE BY DISEASE IN ENGLAND.—It appears from tabular statements taken from Morton's Almanac, that the loss from *lung disease*, and *foot and mouth disease*, in England, during the last thirty years, is estimated at 5,549,780 head of cattle, and valued at *four hundred and eighteen million, eighty four thousand, and two hundred and seventy dollars.*

☞ The Pennsylvania Railroad is "stone ballasted." For hundreds of miles, as like a rapid stream, it flows from beneath your feet, it resembles the paved streets of a city. There is no sign of earth on it, and dust is a thing unknown.

☞ A little boy, after saying his evening prayer, stood up and said to his irreligious parent: "Now, father, I have said my prayers; have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?"

☞ The Greeks ate grasshoppers, and liked them amazingly; the aborigines of New South Wales used to eat them raw, first taking off their wings. The Chinese thriftily eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm, after making use of the silk; the larvæ of a hawk-moth are also much relished. The blacks in Jamaica eat the Begong butterflies after removing the wings, and store them up by pounding and smoking them. The Hottentots eat white ants, boiled and raw, and thrive well upon them.

☞ Long Island City (Hunter's Point) literally swarms with pigs of all sizes, which appear to sustain life mainly upon the plenteous offal of the streets.

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jan14-13t4ow

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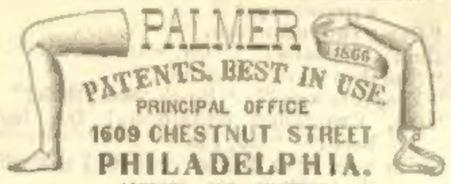

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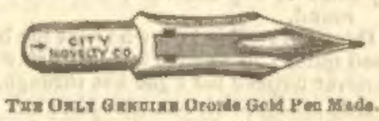

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We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* containing over 200 fine Scripture Illustrations to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa. dec10-4t

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Catalogues now ready of all the new and most desirable plants for the green-house, dwelling-house, or garden, sent on application. Choice cut flowers tastefully arranged to order and sent hundreds of miles with perfect safety. mar11-13t

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A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $30.00 "hattle sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Missouri. jan21-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

EXCITING.

As I walked thinking thro' a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers kept passing me,
Saying "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"Oh, here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily, love."
"And there are violets."
"Further for roses." "Oh, the lovely pets—
The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorns!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh don't, it's a grasshopper!"
"Come run, come run,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh, what fun!"
"Not that way! Stop her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Pinck them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look here!" "Oh, I'm
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme."
"Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!
There's lightning, oh, there's thunder!"
"Will it rain hard, I wonder?"
"I feel so funny! Hush!"
"Why, where, what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it, shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
"Oh, Lord! oh me! alack! ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops comes down the rain,
Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground;
And still as screaming, bustling without rest,
They run this way and that, and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.
I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

A Fresh "Salt."

A suspicious character, arrested for theft, said, on examination, that he was a cooper by trade.

When asked by the alderman how long since he had worked at his trade, he replied, "Eighteen months."

Alderman—What have you been doing since?

Prisoner—Going to sea.

Alderman—Where to?

Prisoner—From New York to Liverpool, in the ship Cornelius Grinnell, Capt. Spencer.

Alderman—Can you box the compass? (Name the points of the compass in their order.)

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Alderman—Well, do it.

This was a stumper to the assumed "salt." He hesitated for a moment, and then stammered: "But—but, sir, *I haven't my tools!*" He was committed.

A Smoky Chimney.

"You ought to have seen *my* chimney—you ought to have seen *my* chimney, sir! Smoke! Humph! I wish I may hang if—Mr. Jones, *you* remember that chimney—you *must* remember that chimney! I am telling you nothing but the truth, and I wish I may never draw another breath if that chimney didn't smoke so that the smoke actually got *caked* in it, and I had to dig it out with a pickaxe. You may smile, gentlemen, but the High Sheriff's got a hunk of it which I dug out before his eyes, and so it's perfectly easy for you to go and examine for yourselves."

On Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York a conceited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock he commences to bark." "Indeed!" replied the offender; "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

"SIDNEY GODOLPHIN," said Charles I., speaking of one of his courtiers, "is an admirable man: he is never in the way and never out of the way."

A Natural Curiosity.

In Monroe county, Pennsylvania, there is a remarkable natural curiosity, consisting of a subterranean pond of several acres in extent, and of great depth. This pond is covered by about six feet in depth of black earth, which supports a heavy growth of timber, consisting mostly of soft maple, pine, hemlock, and birch. Last fall it was discovered that this subterranean pond contained many fish, of the kinds usually found in ponds in this part of the country—pickerel and "shiners" among others—but all without eyes! Over this pond runs the track of the New Jefferson Railroad. Almost ever since its construction it has been subject to a great deal of trouble and expense caused by the sinking away of that portion of the road running over the pond or swamp. Several times the track has utterly sunk from view, and in one or two cases trains barely escaping a similar fate. About a mile from this pond is another one, known as Bull Pond, which is also growing over. A considerable portion of it has become subterranean within the last twenty years, and in all probability, before many years, it will be entirely covered like the other. This pond is about twenty acres in extent. For some distance from the shore it is filled with a dense growth of water lilies, and these no doubt furnish the foundation on which the superstructure of earth is commenced. Should this pond become completely covered, the fish in its waters will probably become eyeless.

☞ THE PRESENT ART OF POETRY.—Write a profusion of rhythmical and melodious nonsense, amidst which, at distant intervals, here and there introduce an intelligible line. The dullest idea therein expressed will shine like a star amid surrounding darkness.—*London Punch.*

BEHIND THE SCENES.

(The bachelor friends of Benedick have just taken their departure.)

BENEDICK (*who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences.*) "Oh, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to goodness you wouldn't pet me in public. I don't so much mind it—when we're alone; but before a lot of fellows, hang it all, you know!"

MARY ANN (*who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope.*)—"And why not, my Phœbus? Should not a woman *glory* in her love?"

BENEDICK.—"Oh, bother!——"

RELEASE MY HEART.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

O love! my soul is sighing, sighing,
And my sad heart is ever crying
To thee, my love, my love
For liberty 'tis pining, dying;
Release it, O my love!

O! canst thou wonder that I am sighing,
And plead to thee to hush my crying
With what thy heart could give,
When I am dying, slowly dying,
And 'twere so sweet to live!

Eben Clark; Or, Tit-For-Tat.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.

It is pleasant perhaps, or perhaps it is painful for one to live over the scenes of his childhood. I go back to my boyhood days with a good deal of satisfaction, though I never was permitted to be much of a child, my father always endeavoring in his relations to, and his intercourse with me, to turn me into a premature man, and in order to do it to give me associations foreign to childhood. But there were passages in my life that so clearly partook of the elements of boyhood, that I often think of them very pleasurably.

There lived near to my father, a family by the name of Clark. The father was an earnest man, but poor. He had the faculty of not getting on in the world. I judge now that his incapacity was owing largely to the influence over him of his wife, she being a shatterly spendthrift, throwing "out of his window with a spoon, what he earned, faster than he could bring it on a shovel." There were six or seven children in the house, and as in almost every family, so in this, there was one genius. I doubt whether there can easily be found any family in which there are born and grown up five or more children, where there is not within the group one smarter than all the rest, and not infrequently smarter than either of the parents.

In this family Eben Clark was the smart one. To him was committed "the oracles of truth" belonging to that family. A remarkable boy, he grew up to be a remarkable man. He had great wit, fine humor, good intellectual capacity, and most wonderful gifts of inspiration. His physique was peculiar. At the time when the incident that I am about to relate took place, he had reached his growth. He was about six feet in height, weighed 175 pounds, had swarthy skin, eyes as black as a sloeberry, hair as shiny and wavy and as black as the purest Spaniard, a broad chin, large nose with open nostril, quite wide at its opening. The upper part of his body was nearly faultless unless exception be taken to the fact that he was very slightly round shouldered. His weakest point was his loins. Had he been as strongly built there as above or below he would have been Samsonic. His hair was a source of great admiration to me. I used to envy him its possession. It always seemed to be glossy, and would curl when of any length. My hair was brown, fine, but straight, and was always dry.

One day I said to him—

"Eben, what do you do to your hair to make it so shiny?"

"Why, Jim," he replied, "*if* you will not tell anybody, I will tell you."

"I will not," I rejoined.

"Then," said he, "I will tell you. I put on to it once or twice a week some boiled linseed oil."

We had a man painting for us at that time, so I got some linseed oil, and before I went to bed I bathed my head in it as I was directed. My father being an invalid, and having to have some member of the family lodge in his room, I was deployed to that duty. After I went to bed, having first applied the linseed oil, my father said to me, "My son, what is it that smells so of linseed oil?"

I said inquiringly, "Is it not the paint?"

This seemed to impress him as possibly the right explanation, and he replied, "I guess it is."

Once or twice in the night he woke up, and said to me, "There is so strong a smell of linseed oil, it seems as though there must be some of it in the room."

I got through the night, however, and in the morning when I got up I put my hand upon my head and my hair was glued together as tight and as smooth as the surface of a glass bottle. Instantly I knew that Eben had played a trick on me. I determined if I could to hinder him from knowing of his success, so as I was an early riser, I went into the kitchen and got some hot water, and went to the sink, and I took some soft soap, rubbed it all over my head, and, after a deal of labor, I softened the glazed oil, and gradually washed it out of my hair. I succeeded in getting it clean before anybody else was up in the house. So when Eben arose and came down stairs, he looked at me, and said, "Jim, how is your hair this morning?"

I said, "I never knew it so soft. I am so glad you told me about it. I am going to keep putting it on until I succeed, if I can, in making my hair as glossy as yours is."

"That is right," said he. "Put it on every night, and you will find that after awhile you will have your reward;" and I saw the humor in the sly twinkle of his eye. Whether he suspected I had found him out or not I could not tell. But I went about as if nothing had happened, waiting for my turn, which came before a great while.

In those days everybody drank some sort of spirituous liquor. My father had the practice of having his men take their bitters three times a day, always just before their meals. His bitters were made of whiskey, with tansy in it, or with a weed which popularly, in our region, went by the name of "Oswego bitters," or, with some, bitter bark, or bitter gum, which he got out of a drug store. This beverage was put into a stout, blue junk-bottle, which was set upon the table with a wine glass by it, and each man helped himself to as much as he wanted to drink before he sat down to his meal. Eben Clark was not generally a drinker, but occasionally he would drink. One morning, not long after my linseed oil operation, as I was dressing myself in my father's room, I heard the steps of a person coming down the kitchen stairs. I opened the door into the kitchen and saw it was Eben. He began to move about, and, seeing me, beckoned to me. I came to him, and he said, "Where is the whiskey bottle?"

I said, "In the pantry, on the shelf where we always keep it."

Said he, "I must have a drink; I do not feel well."

I said nothing. He turned and went to the pantry, and I followed him. There happened to be, to my knowledge, standing on the same shelf, and close by the whiskey bottle, a bottle of spirits of turpentine. In his haste to get a drink he did not stop to smell, and thus distinguish between the two, but pulled the cork and put the bottle to his lips and began to drink. As long as he was swallowing he did not taste the difference, so he took two or three good swallows. I should have warned him had I known the danger, but I only thought that when he came to smack his lips he would be disgusted with his dram, and then I calculated to play off on him. When he brought his lips together, so as to acquire actively the sense of taste, he turned and looked at me, and said, "What, in Heaven's name, have I been drinking?"

"Ben, you have been drinking linseed oil. If you drink it every morning, for a week or two, it will make your hair as glossy as mine."

"Good Lord! Jim," said he, "I've been drinking spirits of turpentine, and it will kill me. Go ask your father what I shall do."

This frightened me a little and I ran to my father and told him that Ben had been drinking out of the spirits of turpentine bottle. With the coolness that always characterized him he said,

"Run and tell him to put some mustard from the cruet into a teacup and pour some hot water upon it from the tea-kettle and drink it as quickly as he can."

The door was open and Ben heard him. Out came the mustard into the teacup, out came the water into a teacup, round went his spoon and top of his turpentine he took a good mustard emetic. It had scarcely touched his stomach before reaction came, and he ran to the outside door and vomited severely. This probably saved his life. He had drunk at least a gill to a gill and a half of turpentine. As it was, it made him sick for a fortnight, acting like a most powerful diuretic upon him. After it was all over with, I met him. Even in his anger there was always a vein of humor. Taking me by the collar he said, "Jim, you little scamp, why didn't you stop me when I drank that turpentine? It might have killed me."

I said "Ben, how should I know, who am nothing but a boy, more of the effects of turpentine than you do, who are a man? I didn't think it would hurt you. I only thought I would have a good joke on you. I had been thinking for a whole week how I could pay you off for your linseed oil joke on me."

Said he, "Jim, how was your hair in the morning when you got up?"

Said I, "It was as smooth as a glass bottle, Ben," and he sat back and laughed as hard as he could laugh. I joined with him. When he stopped laughing I said to him.

"Ben, how was your stomach when you got the turpentine down, and the mustard on top of it?" He laid back and laughed again, then called me to him and said,

"Let us be friends, better than ever. I will not play another practical joke on you, and do you never stand by and let me play another such practical joke on myself."—*Laws of Life.*

Transplanting Evergreens.

A correspondent of the Ploughman asks, "When is the best time to set out evergreen trees? A few years since I transplanted a lot of pines about the first of May. The work was done with considerable care, but the trees all died."

The best time to transplant evergreens is just as the buds begin to swell and to put forth, which is later considerably than with most deciduous trees. Midsummer is the period of most rapid growth of the pines and the coniferæ generally, and if you could be sure of a spell of rainy weather at that season, it would be decidedly the best time, but if the transplanting is done then and a dry and hot time follows, no amount of watering seems to suit their case. We have therefore fixed upon the time when the buds begin to swell, because at that time the trees when set out start at once into active growth, sending out fibrous roots, and as soon as these shoot out the tree is safe. It will not do to set them out while the fibrous roots are in a state of inactivity, as is the case in early spring. They will be likely to perish. In this respect they differ from the class of deciduous trees. Their tenacity of life is less, undoubtedly, than in the deciduous trees, so that greater care is required in the operation of transplanting, to keep the roots fresh and moist while they are out of the ground. They must be kept moist, and hence it is best to select a drizzly time near the last of May or early in June.

It is best also in taking them up to save as many of the fibrous roots as possible. They depend on them for an immediate active growth, more than upon the large tap root. Towards the end of May the soil has become a little warmed, so that as soon as you see signs of activity in the buds you may know it is time to begin. You cannot transplant these trees in the fall as you can others. Avoid the fall and the very early spring.

Marriage.

If a man now-a-days does not marry young, he is likely not to marry at all, because, the older he grows, the more widely diverge his ideas from those of womanhood, the greater violence must marriage do to his habits, and the less tractable he becomes to the harness. It is just possible, however, that the antagonisms which so largely prevent marriage may be a wise order of Nature. If matrimony were a smooth primrose-path of ease and pleasure, and no repulsions existed to keep men and women apart, everybody would marry, and the result of this would be an alarming increase of the population. Darwin, in his last work, enters into a calculation to show that a people of twenty-five millions, which should multiply at a rate of increase that would double the population every twenty-five years, would in a little over six hundred years become so numerous, that the entire earth's surface would only afford a square yard of ground for every four persons. It will not do, obviously, for everybody to hasten to the altar. Those who for any reason remain celibates may congratulate themselves that their chance for happiness has been at least even; for the Greek philosopher tells us that, whether a man marries or not, he is sure to regret it; and Talleyrand, taking the other view of the matter, congratulated a bachelor as a lucky fellow, and a Benedict as a happy dog.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON is well known in this country as the English minister resident, and no man connected with the foreign legations is more respected and beloved by our people. He came here an untitled man, having served for many years in various diplomatic positions in different parts of the world. At the time Prince Arthur was in this country he came more immediately under the eye of his Sovereign, and she was so pleased with the treatment of her son, and remembering at the same time her great obligations to him as a subject, that she knighted him, and now we have in the place of plain Mr. Thornton, "Sir Edward;" and well he becomes the title, not that he is any different from plain Mr. Thornton, for Nature made him a nobleman in the beginning, but the Queen, with her poor eyes, could not see it until a royal sprig was a guest under his hospitable roof. After all, the Queen only loaned him a title. It is buried when Sir Edward becomes ashes. His boy will be plain Mr. Thornton, and all the better for that. Minister Thornton, like the late Sir Frederic Bruce, has a most distinguished personal presence, owing to his majestic height and graceful manners. Then he retains that exquisite purity of complexion for which the English belles are celebrated, and our American climate, so conducive to parchment and wrinkles, labors upon his handsome face in vain.

AGRICULTURAL.

Charcoal in the Dairy.

The power of milk to absorb the noxious gases and odors from the atmosphere is known to every dairyman, and this power extends also to all productions made from milk, be they cream, butter or cheese. Much of the bad flavor in butter and cheese is not caused so much by anything derived from the cow, or the food which she eats, as by the odors imparted either to the milk after it is drawn, or to the cheese after it is made, and before it is put in the cloth and rendered impervious to atmospheric influences. Hence the necessity of the greatest efforts being made, not only to keep the dairy and every utensil used, in a state of perfect cleanliness, but also the attendants should be in every way cleanly in person, and the air kept pure and uncontaminated by any odors whatever. To do this, charcoal, finely powdered, is probably the best and cheapest article that can be used. It is capable, when fresh, of absorbing ninety times its own volume of ammonia or other gases, which can again be driven out of the charcoal by the application of heat. How much charcoal is necessary, and where it can best be placed in the dairy, so as to absorb all noxious gases, are points yet to be established by experience, and we only throw out the idea in order that dairymen may make a note of it, and find out for themselves, by experimenting, the best ways and means of employing charcoal as an absorbent deodorizer in the milk-room, the cheese-room, or any other part of the dairy establishment.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Manuring Corn.

J. F. Lawrence, in *The Vermont Farmer*, says:—"In raising corn, I always break up my land late in the fall, and spread upon it the composted manure, made by drawing muck into my yards the fall previous, covering it slightly with rotted turf, upon which my cattle are kept during pleasant weather in winter, and nights during the next summer. This system is much cheaper and better for the land than manuring in the hill, and the freezing and thawing of winter and spring carry the strength of the manure into the sods just deep enough for the corn the next summer. In spring time, I put a large spoonful of super-phosphate into the hill, and I never have failed to raise good corn. The saving of expense in handling over manure in busy spring time will almost pay the expense of the super-phosphate, and I have always raised better corn with my manure spread in the fall than if spread in the spring, when it is often dried too much to be of value to the corn, if not for all the future, by the hot sunshine and drying winds of June and July.

A Safe Example.

England to-day is spreading upon her fields fertilizers from every section of the world. One ship is bringing her guano from the Peruvian coast for her hoed crops and grain; another is bringing her fish crop from her fisheries; while the whole world is a field wherein she is collecting bones, to return to her soil the phosphates which a long and careless system of farming had extracted from it. In an agricultural sense, England is herself again, and it is a shame and a disgrace to us if we cannot profit by her history, and not wait until we are in the condition she was a century ago *before* we avail ourselves of all the means within our power to keep our soil as fertile certainly as when transmitted to us by our fathers.

A CHANGE.—Public sentiment is being changed in a radical manner as to farm products and stock. More pork, more beef, more butter and cheese; and fewer sheep, fewer acres of wheat, and less hay to sell, are now the words in every farmer's mouth. With such a change, fruit prospects will not suffer, but will be all the better.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

I am composed of five letters.
Omit my 1st and I am a curvature.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, is to burn.
My 2, 3, 1, belongs to the body.
My 4, 2, 3, is a vehicle.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, 1, is a talisman or spell.
My 5, 2, 3, 1, is something unwholesome or injurious.
My 3, 2, 1, is an animal.
My 5, 2, 1, is cured meat.
My 1, 2, 3, is to prevent or impair.
My whole is the herald of brightness to come, and though rough in itself, ever awakens pleasant anticipations of cheerfulness and beauty hastening to greet us.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

My 1st is in far, but not in near.
My 2d is in boat, but not in steer.
My 3d is in roan, but not in bay.
My 4th is in cream, but not in whey.
My 5th is in dinner, but not in noon.
My 6th is in star, but not in moon.
My whole is the name of a legion strong,
To the toughened ranks of which I belong.

BOB.

Problem.

Three towns, X, Y and Z, are so situated that Y is 40 miles due East of X, and Z is 30 miles due North of Y. A starts from X and travels directly toward Y, at the rate of 4 miles per hour, and at precisely the same time B starts from Z and travels directly for X at the rate of 5 miles per hour. How many hours must elapse from the time of starting until B is just Northwest of A?

ROBT. H. YOUNG.

Coultersville, Butler Co., Pa.

Prize Palindrome.

The prize offered by Mr. Artemas Martin for the best original Palladrome in THE POST of January 21, is awarded to H. R. Spink, Mason City, Iowa, for the following Palindrome:—

Repel evil as a live leper.

Mr. Spink also furnished four other good Palindromes.

Two of the competitors sent in well known *old* Palindromes. Perhaps they do not know what "original" means.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? Ans.—One is a sale of effects, and the other the effects of a sail.

☞ Why are bees a commercial fraternity? Ans.—Because they coll their honey.

☞ By what means can bliss be made painful? Ans.—Drop one letter and add three, and bliss becomes blister.

CONS BY AN OLD HUNTER.—Which dogs alius goes in pairs? Span-iels.

Which dog can printers like best? The setter.

Which is the most unbending dog? The ma-stiff.

Which dog would you recommend hair-dye to? The grey hound.

Which reptile would drivers prefer? The whip-snaik.

Which would boys and gurls rather buy? The hoop-snaik.

Which is best for watchmen? The rattlesnaik.

Which dus Injuns most make use ov? The moccasin snaik.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Invention of the Voltaic battery by Alexander Volta of Pavia.

RIDDLE.—Bible.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

P	POMP	P
A	AVALANCHE	E
R	REGALIA	A
I	IAMBIC	C
S	STONEHENGE	E